HOW TO KEEP PEACE ON EARTH

by LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD

DEC. 24,
1932

Liberty

5¢

Printed in Canada

DRUGS
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That *ugly* cop . . .

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

DECEMBER 24, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 52

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by JOHN DREW

"THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN"

A Toronto court room was the scene of this significant drama a few weeks ago:

The prisoner had just heard sentence pronounced. A burly police guard was urging him toward a doorway at the farther end of the room. Beyond its portal lay fifteen years' penal servitude.

His faltering footsteps stopped immediately in front of the jury box. These twelve good men and true had but recently declared their verdict in one damning word. And the terrible significance of this one word lay in its power to limit his whole universe to four stone walls for the next fifteen years.

The court-room audience, tense with expectancy, awaited the inevitable dramatic climax. They could well imagine all the bitterness and hatred of which his thoughts were fabricated. Had not these twelve men the power a few moments before to utter two words which would have granted him freedom? Surely he would hurl a final blistering denunciation before that door of freedom closed behind him. And then he spoke:

"Thank you, gentlemen."

The prisoner bowed to the jury foreman, marched quickly to the door which was to close out freedom, and vanished into the gloom beyond.

"Thank you, gentlemen." Firmly rooted in those three rugged Anglo-Saxon words is the Canadian's inherent respect for his country's traditions. Canada's present stability is due in no small measure to the mental attitude of her people as summed up in this simple phrase.

This prisoner had outlawed himself five weeks previously in the commission of a crime. But he allied himself with the forces of law and order in paying tribute to these agents of justice selected from everyday walks of life. His gesture was not merely toward twelve jurymen. He had rendered homage to the traditions back of the mere individual.

Canada may well pride herself on the honest and able law-enforcement bodies employed to bring the criminal to justice. She has cause for equal satisfaction in the intelligence and integrity of her judges and jurors. But all these agencies of justice would be impotent were it not for the outstanding characteristic of her people—respect for Canada's traditions.

Many nations have recently developed the habit of ridiculing their older traditions. Other peoples have abandoned older traditions altogether in a revolutionary urge to adopt entirely new ones.

Canada has been busy creating new traditions during these past few years—never too busy, however, to forget to pay homage to her older ones.

We watched, quite unobserved by those beneath, this little scene on Armistice Day in a great Canadian city:

Four men in a dingy back alley were loading refuse on a garbage truck. It was one minute before eleven o'clock. One could not help but feel that Life's real glory had trailed by, leaving them all untouched.

And then the first strokes of the bell of peace pealed out to hush the city's clamor.

Then, too, came the startling transformation. The four drab workmen no longer existed. There, in the driving rain, heads bared and proudly erect, stood four heroes in their stead.

They fancied they were all alone as they stood there. They were wrong. There were the shadowy forms of a thousand hero comrades standing stalwartly beside them. There were a hundred generations of men who had faced death—or, braver still, faced life for their country with the same lights in their eyes as had these four.

We no longer gazed on four men. They had become the symbols of a great tradition. They embodied a spirit of national idealism which had surged onward from generation to generation.

Canada has unexplored riches beyond human comprehension in her natural resources. But her greatest treasure house is in the hearts of her sons and daughters who regard her traditions so sacredly. While this spirit lives in the hearts of her people Canada is destined to aspire and to achieve greater and loftier objectives.

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A Distinguished Soldier Marshals His Reasons for Believing Preparedness the Only Way to End War

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

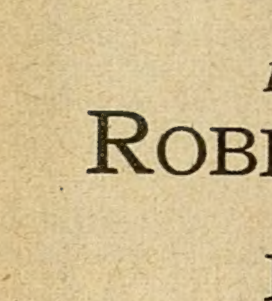
How to Keep PEACE on Earth

By LIEUTENANT GENERAL
ROBERT LEE BULLARD
As told to
EARL REEVES

Drawings by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

The guards of the temple. If military natio

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)



It was General Bullard who, at the World War's turning point, wrote the celebrated message: "We are going to counterattack!" An Alabaman by birth and a West Pointer, he is one of America's most illustrious soldiers. In the A. E. F. he commanded, successively, the Second Brigade of the First Division, the division itself, the Third Corps, and finally the Second Army.

IF in five hundred years the human race could achieve a state of civilization, or good will, which would permit disarmament and the banishing of war, that would be progress at airplane speed.

For twenty-five hundred years leaders have tackled this problem. How far have we progressed? As far as that uncertain thing, international law. No farther. But we knew during the Great War, and see again today, that when war comes international law, covenants, and leagues for insuring peace all can be and are brushed aside.

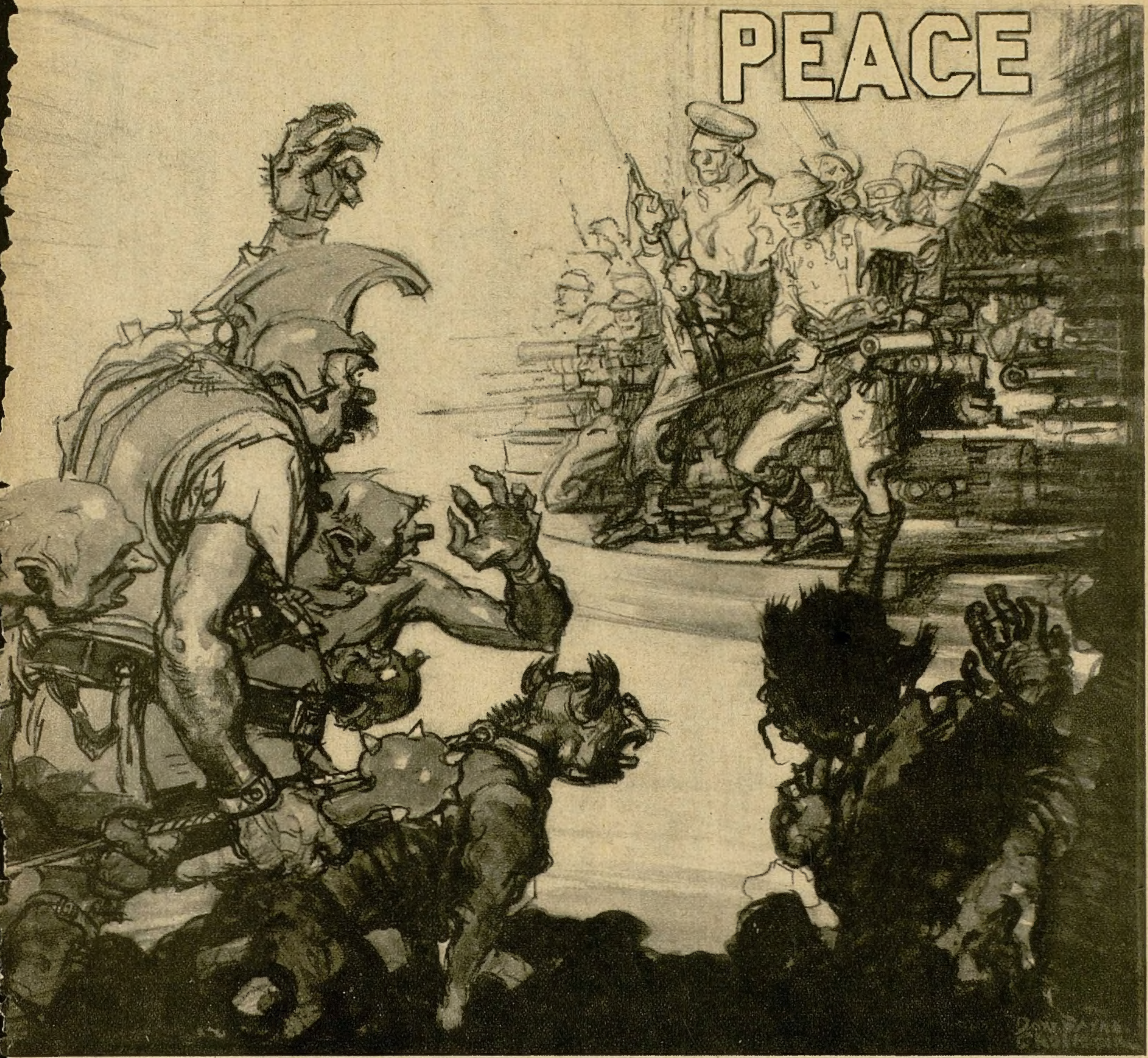
However, there comes a period after each great war when peacefully occupied men and women look back upon its horrors and think wishfully of the age-old dream of a pacific world.

If you think wishfully long enough, the mind becomes confused and unable to distinguish between that which is merely hope and that which is practicality. During recent years millions of Americans have been in this state of bewilderment. Our international actions and our national defense policies reflect it.

Today, however, there are ominous developments abroad which we must not face with confused or vaguely wishful minds.

We must not rely too much on the pious hope that America is safeguarded against war by the new peace machinery our leaders have helped build. It is not new. It has been tried before. It failed before, as the League of Nations, the Hague Tribunal, and the Kellogg Pact have failed when any major crisis has arisen.

The parallel is startling. In ancient Greece there



ere to lay down all arms "it might very well mean the end of civilization as we know it," says General Bullard.

existed leagues of nations at about the year 500 B. C., the outstanding example being known as the Delphic Amphictyonic Council, consisting of twelve city-states.

Yes, history only repeats itself. There were difficulties then because of twelve leagued states: the most powerful were reluctant to surrender sovereignty. The same issue keeps us out of the present League of Nations.

There were then also difficulties because of equal voting power by unequal members; further difficulties over soldier quotas contributed to common defense—and the present league has not even been able to obtain acceptance of the idea that there should be a sort of international police force to enforce order throughout the world.

The Greek league provided for arbitration of differences between members. But the stronger states would not submit any important issue to settlement by vote of the weaker ones. An identical situation has existed for a decade, the current example being the war in Manchuria.

Like the Hague Tribunal, this ancient council also made agreements covering humanitarian warfare. But in war these rules were broken, as many Hague rules were disregarded between 1914 and 1918.

Twenty-five hundred years ago there were security pacts also, each council member pledging to aid any other that was attacked. And yet ten stood inactive while two cities were completely destroyed. Similarly China had certain territorial guaranties from the powers, but it remains to be seen whether these are effective.

NO man knows better than a soldier the cost and horror of war. The ablest and most damning description of it was made by a soldier when Sherman said, "War is hell." But we do not end war by hoping it will end, by relying on peace machinery that is failing, or by gullibly disarming ourselves so that we can no longer fight.

As a people thinking wishfully of the quiet, ease, comforts, and the self-gratifications of peace, we do, however, look hopefully toward disarmament and listen to the pacifist fallacy that disarmament brings peace.

The pacifist and the internationalist consider that

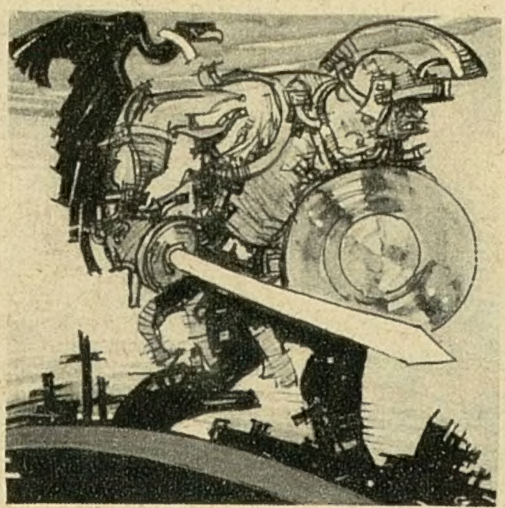
Woodrow Wilson lifted the world to a new spiritual level; then, out of the world aspiration for peace, built the League of Nations; and finally came home with that Covenant to be "betrayed" by the leaders of his own people who rejected it.

But Wilson was betrayed in Europe, by the leaders of Europe who had their own special interests in mind and would not let him have a Covenant "with teeth in it."

Whether the League form he wanted would have worked is beside the point. He didn't get it.

Disillusioned, he came home and sought approval of the present League plan as the best he could get and—he thought—a step in the right direction. But certainly he did not think the new and faulty peace machinery permitted disarmament.

On the contrary—and *this* the disarmament advocates *never* mention—he demanded of Congress a standing army of 500,000 men, and that the reserve be built up by training 500,000 men annually until the leaders of Europe showed a willingness to make the League an effective instrument. Wilson's administration declared also for a navy inferior to none, and by 1922 we had it.



Europe has no intention of strengthening the League. Nevertheless the army of 280,000 Congress provided on Wilson's demand has been reduced to 115,000. At the Washington Conference we traded actual naval primacy for a yellow dog—or something; then we indulged in a naval holiday, and now we rate a poor second to England.

And after all this, disarmament advocates, pacifists, and internationalists—seeking to make us even more defenseless—cite the name of Wilson and wish that we could recapture his "high idealism." It would be more to the point to recapture his clear, practical vision regarding defense necessities of the richest and most envied nation in a world in which peace cannot yet be guaranteed.

When disarmament conferences are held they open with such fulsome expressions of amity as to indicate that all guns are to be beaten into plowshares tomorrow morning. Then the delegates get busy, each trying to trick the other to gain an advantage.

When President Harding called a naval disarmament conference at Washington the powers attended willingly, since we had what was then probably the most powerful navy in the world, and wealth with which to build more ships if we saw fit. At that conference Great Britain, whose tradition was maintenance of a navy equal to any two others, agreed to the 5-5-3 ratio as between herself, the United States, and Japan. It had become largely our duty to keep the peace upon the Pacific Ocean—and Britain's economic existence depended upon peaceful seas.

BUT when, later, President Coolidge tentatively broached the subject of a conference for reduction of armaments on land and in the air, the Old World would have none of it.

I would like to call attention to the fact that the United States has done precisely what the pacifists advocate. They wish, first, general disarmament; and they say, second, that in order to advance the day of general disarmament the United States should set the example.

Two Presidents sought general reduction of armaments—and by that phrase I mean to include guns, ships, armed forces, munitions, and all the materials of warfare. Then for a decade we set an example—which others have not followed.

It is not surprising, therefore, that even during a period of attempted national economy and on the very eve of another disarmament conference, our Secretary of the Navy told Congress bluntly he favored ending the holiday and rebuilding our navy to Washington Treaty strength.

Poland and China have set the world an instructive example in disarmament.

In Poland dissension among leaders caused national defense to lapse, and Russia, Prussia, and Austria divided the country between them. Polish nationality was restored by the armed Allies.

The Chinese are by age-old tradition pacifists, and look upon the soldier as the lowest caste of society. And China has been at the mercy of and exploited by the world powers for two or three centuries, and now fears complete subjugation by Japan. Pacifists would have us "China-fy" ourselves.

There is another phase of the "complete disarmament" idea to which no attention is paid. If it were possible for military nations to agree to lay down all arms it might very well mean the end of civilization as we know it. The favored areas of this earth are occupied by the strong peoples. If these were to disarm, there are hordes of hungry and undersupplied peoples in less favored areas of the earth's surface who would press in upon civilization in such migrations as hunger has caused often in history.

Loose thinking about national defense, "internationalism," and world peace arises no doubt somewhat from myths perpetuated in our history books and glorified by poets.

I AM sorry if I disillusion the incurable romantic, but it was not the face of fair Helen that launched a thousand ships and gave old Homer the heroic tale of war which has thrilled millions of schoolboys. No, the fortified city of Troy had grown to such power on the narrow Bosporus, and it levied such high and unfair tribute on the trade with western Asia which came through the Black Sea, that the very lives of Greek cities built on that trade were threatened. So the Greeks eliminated that threat to their peaceful prosperity.

It may be that, as recorded, Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Somehow I doubt it, because he was first of all a very great statesman, one of the world's greatest. But he launched no glorified war of conquest. He set out quite simply to make the trade route to the Orient safe for the ships and caravans of the little area which then considered itself the civilized world. The job was greater than he had expected; he pushed on and on—and became an empire builder. And it may be noted that when the Suez Canal finally relocated the route to the Orient, Alexandria was the longest-lived commercial city of the world.

The empires of Greece, Rome, and Great Britain in succession were built on that trade with the Far East. Wars were fought to protect it. Though Greece, Rome, and England in turn may have campaigned far from home, these were in their minds defensive wars. The Eastern trade was a vital part of their economic system. Interrupt it and the result for them was serious; suppose an enemy, capturing Pittsburgh, were to say to us, "You can have no more steel."

Wars all have economic causes. They are not brought on by whim. Moreover, they are no longer decreed by monarchs or other rulers. Generals and admirals do not declare war.

In this democratic age *peoples* make war. No war can be fought unless they think it is a necessary war. They may "drift" in—as we came slowly to accept the inevitability of war against Germany. Or they may be fired suddenly—as were the British when Germany crossed Belgium and pressed upon their frontier, which is the English Channel; or as we were in the case of the war with Spain, when leaders actually held back in face of popular demand for a war declaration.

But for pacifists to argue that we must abolish guns and ships and generals and admirals and military training because these make war, is sheer absurdity. It is far truer to say that the soldier restores peace when peoples and their leaders and their diplomats no longer have been able to maintain peace.

It is true, too, that the mere ability to wage war successfully if necessary "keeps the peace" for strong nations.

For more than a century Britain kept peace upon the seas, in so far as her own interests and those of her colonies were affected, not by making war but through being able to meet any two navies if necessity arose. Merely by existing, it is probable that that navy prevented more wars than all the treaties British statesmen ever wrote.

The idea may be a shock to pacifists and internationalists, but it seems to me a perfectly logical and obvious conclusion that the British navy has been entitled to a Nobel Peace Prize award many times in its history.

But I am aware that no such award will be made so long as we resolutely blink our eyes to the fact that world safety, like public safety within nations and cities, must depend upon force—armies and navies, or an adequate police force. Present peace machinery lacks the *pacific* element of force.

There have been two effective Leagues of Nations in the world. The first was the Roman Empire.

Under it kings could rule, and peoples could go their own way, more secure and living under conditions of greater justice and larger prosperity than they had ever known—providing they paid tribute to Rome and accepted the idea that it was Rome's duty to keep the peace. Rome kept the peace during centuries, not by covenants, nor by disarming, but with the Roman centurion—by having adequate armaments.

And when Rome became too soft to fight, and tried instead to buy off her enemies, then Rome fell.

The second League of Nations still is effective: it is the British Empire.

This is not a League of All Nations—Rome was almost that—and the covenant which holds it together may be said not even to be written, since Britain has an unwritten Constitution. Yet under it member nations have lived at peace with each other and safe from aggression. The centurion has been the British navy.

Those who predicate world-peace hopes on hope alone—on a desire that human nature may change so that good will can be sufficient safeguard—like to point to the demilitarized Canadian frontier as proving that disarmament insures peace. There again the true facts are ignored. After the United States and Britain had fought two wars across that frontier and had become convinced that no campaign there could decide anything, then it was agreed that the frontier would not be fortified. The border is of no military importance, for the reason that no war with England would be won until it had been won at sea.

AFTER all, the question of national defense is based upon human nature. And that has not changed much in centuries—or in ages.

Even at the earliest dawn of history it was true that everywhere primitive tribes which would not or did not know how to arm themselves were driven into the bad lands of the earth—as the Digger Indians now inhabit some of the bad lands of our West. Civilization came to those who armed and seized favored areas and in these were willing to use arms to defend their wealth and the rising standards of life which became possible because their safety was insured.

The so-called " advanced " nations of today are, after all, merely tribes which have followed this path.

And it is well to remember that nations have emotions. They think or feel their way to conclusions much as individuals do.

Look about you: any man who is a man is ready to defend that which is his own. Even the most arrant coward will fight finally—and desperately—if his survival depends on it.

War conviction arrives for whole peoples when they see forces shaping against themselves which seem to threaten their existence. Regardless of high-sounding idealistic slogans that may be coined later, peoples go to war because things which are theirs are threatened—or seem to them to be threatened. For these they will fight.

" I must lick that fellow now, or things will never be the same again for me and mine," paraphrases accurately all the war aims of all time.

And so long as even families quarrel, neighbors disagree, and police forces are necessary to help millions distinguish between " mine and thine," it is, I think, too much to ask us to believe that the human nature of nations has changed, that there need be no more international disagreements, and that we must therefore lay down our arms.

Moreover, we should not let ourselves be confused by citations of the cost of war. What of the cost of crime?

But think of the sacrifice of young lives, say the pacifists. I do think of it; and when a division already worn to exhaustion had to fight on with further heavy sacrifices in the Meuse-Argonne, men say they saw tears roll unheeded down the cheeks of General Pershing as he nevertheless required these further sacrifices to save, he thought, many thousands who otherwise would have had to fight in 1919. The following quick ending of the war justified his action.

IN two years our war deaths barely exceeded a two-year toll of the automobile; and experts estimate *one third to one half* of our casualties were unnecessary, due to unpreparedness, to the fact that we had accepted the fallacy of disarmament and did not know how to fight.

As for the cost of present armaments, the total defense budget is a very small premium indeed to pay on an insurance policy covering national wealth estimated at $360,000,000,000!

In conclusion I would like to cite from our own recent history two men who knew how peace is made. Theodore Roosevelt won the Nobel Peace Prize when, as President, he was mediator after the Russo-Japanese War and brought about the peace treaty signed at Portsmouth. But by that intervention he deprived Japan of Manchuria, which the Japanese thought necessary to their nation strategically, as defense against Russia, and economically as a source of badly needed raw materials. Nearly two years later the *people* of Japan—not merely the leaders—seethed with such anger against America that war threatened.

Roosevelt started the American navy toward Japan. By the time it arrived, however, the popular war fever had been cooled amazingly. The Japanese people received the United States navy with cheers and cries of welcome!

Then the navy went on around the world.

I would say that Roosevelt earned the Nobel Peace Prize here, by preventing a war, rather than at Portsmouth, where he merely helped arrive at a treaty after a war already had ended. In 1916 there was a plot on the part of certain Mexican leaders involving seizure of American territory north of the Rio Grande. Secretary of War Baker, a mild-mannered man who believed in peace, instantly ordered 100,000 troops to the border. I was a colonel of a regiment that was sent.

Subsequently it developed that Germany had offered to Mexico, as a reward for making war upon us, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. Behind the border guard of 100,000, Secretary Baker—quiet as a mouse about it, so quiet that the American public does not today know what happened—maintained an additional force of 200,000 men within sight of Mexico. There again the mere display of force prevented a war, and I would say that Baker was entitled to the Nobel Peace Prize.

Here were two radically different men—" Big Stick T. R." and the quiet Baker—who knew how peace is *made.* They knew the pacific value of armaments.

We must not be led astray by the fallacious argument that disarmament brings peace. For America, most envied of nations, to reduce armaments in the face of the armed and quarrelsome world of today would be folly.

THE END

DARK *of the* MOON

Laurie Disappears—A Cry for Help—Aboard the Sloop—"Call Me 'Buck'"

(Reading time: 27 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the thrilling story of Don Mitchell, who joined the Coast Guard to avenge his brother, killed by a rum-runner named "Buck." Inez Pendleton, to whom he had once been engaged, arrives in Woods Hole on the day Don sees a beautiful girl with yellow hair in a barber shop. That night he is ordered to intercept the landing of a cargo of champagne, and is about to fire on the smuggler's speeding craft when he perceives that the pilot is the girl of the barber shop.

PART TWO—DON MEETS "BUCK"

THE speed boat was fast slipping out of range. Mitchell followed it with the searchlight. And just before it vanished he saw, or thought he saw, the girl's arm wave a gesture of contemptuous farewell.

Lieutenant Mitchell backed from the gun and snapped off the light. He felt weak. His body shook as though he were chilled. The muscles of his great chest contracted. He could scarcely breathe.

"If I had fired," he thought, "I might have killed her!"

He felt a grudging admiration for Laurie, who had prevented him from using the gun, and a strange sense of gratitude. Yet he felt that the boy should be punished.

"Did you cut that wheel rope, Laurie?" he asked.

The sound of his voice seemed odd to him.

"No, sir, I didn't, Mr. Mitchell—I didn't!"

The boy was a vague outline, barely discernible. McGinty was another vague outline, nearer to him.

The lieutenant heard the sound of a blow, heard Laurie fall to the deck, heard McGinty's voice: "I suppose it cut itself. Get up, you rat"—heard Laurie whimper.

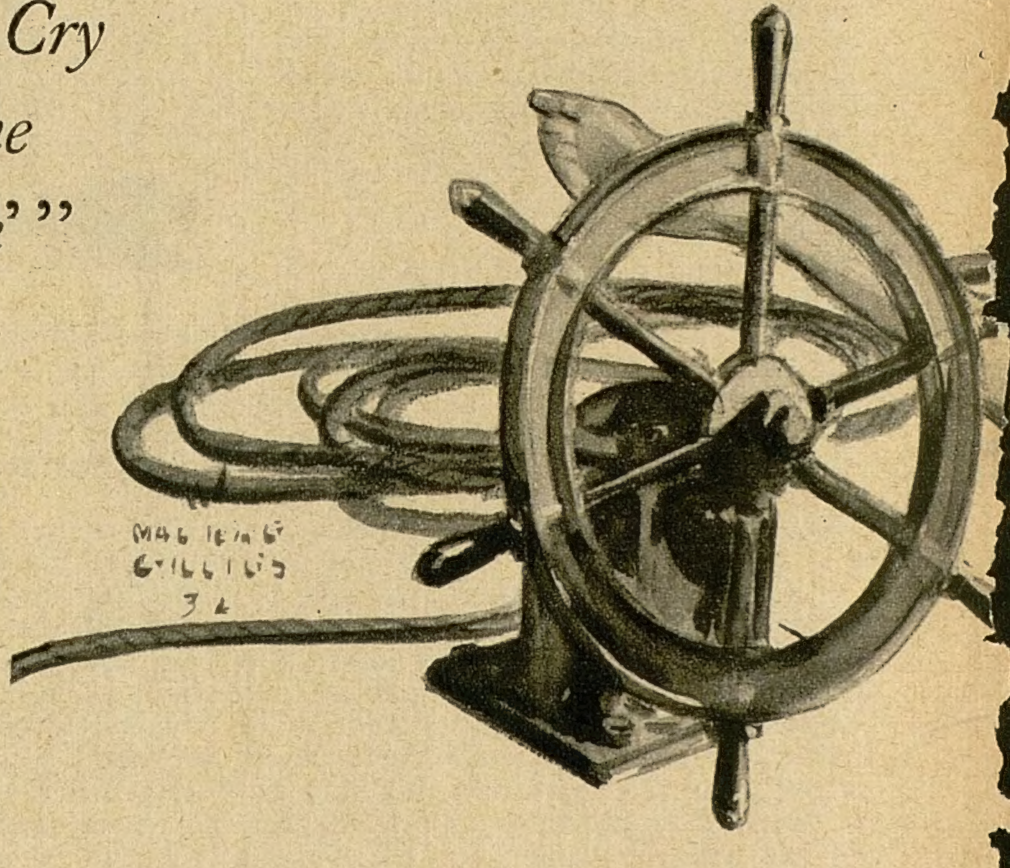
"That's enough," he said. "I'll handle him. Stand up, Laurie. What do you know about that boat? What's her name? Who was her skipper? Who was that girl?"

He waited. There was no answer. He became aware that the patrol boat was running in crazy circles in the fog.

"There's ways of making you talk," McGinty said. "A twist of the arm would get your tongue to going."

"Get inside," the lieutenant ordered.

Laurie dodged into the wheelhouse and huddled in a corner, blood oozing from one corner of his mouth, fright shining in his pale-blue eyes.



By DOROTHY WAYMAN

"Come clean, Laurie," Don said. "Nobody's going to hurt you."

Laurie shrank back against the chart desk, his bony hands comforting his jaw and mouth.

"That was your father's boat?"

The boy's wet flat chest quivered; his head drooped; his knuckles went to his eyes. McGinty gasped.

"So you're Andy Laurie's kid," he said. "Muscle-bound mermaids! There's lots of Lauries on Cape Cod, lieutenant, but I didn't connect this punk with Cap'n Andy."

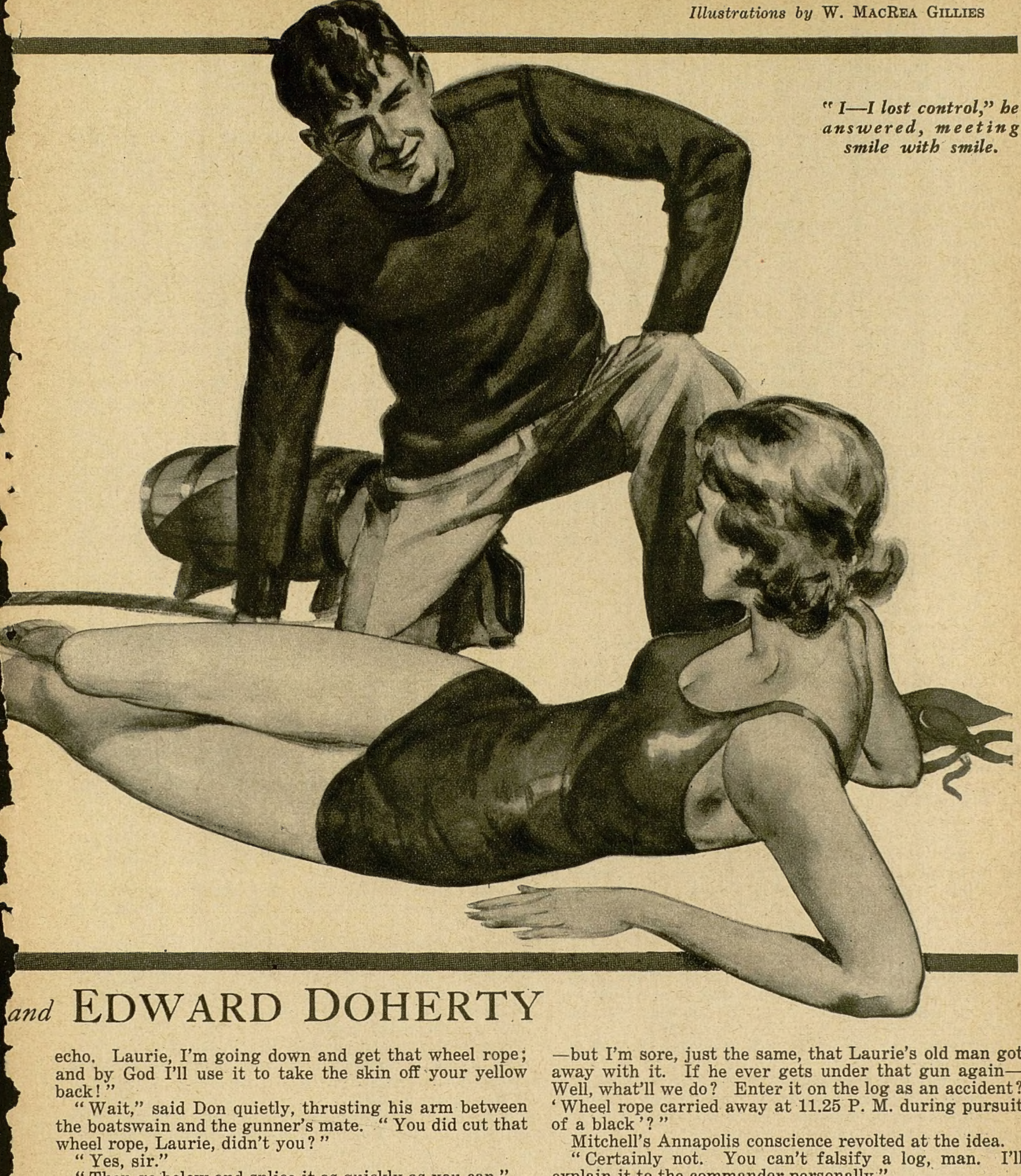
McGinty's voice made a great man of the captain.

"I ain't seen him in a year," the boy said. "Honest, sir. So help me! He booted me out of the house. And I ain't seen him since."

He wiped his eyes on a wet gray handkerchief.

McGinty exploded. "You lie!" he roared. "You enlisted to spy on us. No wonder he brags we'll never get him. Hell, we can't even spit without him hearing the

Illustrations by W. MACREA GILLIES



"I—I lost control," he answered, meeting smile with smile.

and EDWARD DOHERTY

echo. Laurie, I'm going down and get that wheel rope; and by God I'll use it to take the skin off your yellow back!"

"Wait," said Don quietly, thrusting his arm between the boatswain and the gunner's mate. "You did cut that wheel rope, Laurie, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then go below and splice it as quickly as you can."

"I should have warmed his pants," McGinty said when the boy had gone.

"He's only a kid," Don soothed him. "And that was his father and—I imagine—his sister. We can't blame him."

His sister, Don thought. A rumrunner! The daughter of a rumrunner! It would have to be that way.

McGinty's anger softened quickly.

"And what the newspapers would have said," he mused. "Grimacing gods! We'd have massacreed a beautiful and innocent girl who was just taking a ride in her father's boat, and him a decent, law-abiding lobsterman lost in the fog. No, it ain't so bad as it might have been—but I'm sore, just the same, that Laurie's old man got away with it. If he ever gets under that gun again—Well, what'll we do? Enter it on the log as an accident? 'Wheel rope carried away at 11.25 P. M. during pursuit of a black'?"

Mitchell's Annapolis conscience revolted at the idea.

"Certainly not. You can't falsify a log, man. I'll explain it to the commander personally."

McGINTY grinned, bit off a chunk of his favorite plug, and began to work his jaws.

"Horse liniment!" he said, with that cheerful disregard of etiquette peculiar to Coast Guard warrant officers who believe they know more than their superiors—and they usually do. "A hell of a lot of good that will do! Laurie asked him for a transfer and the Old Man told him to file it with the chief yeoman. If you report this, it means a deck court for the kid, and plenty of time in the brig."

"The wheel rope's spliced, sir," Laurie reported.

McGinty tried the wheel. The patrol boat answered to her helm. The bo's'n rang for full speed ahead.

Don lit a cigarette. His hands had stopped shaking now, and he felt warm again and strangely content.

"Lieutenant," McGinty said, as they neared the base, "would you mind taking the wheel a minute?"

Don took the wheel without a word.

He saw McGinty open the wheelhouse door and shove Laurie ahead of him on to the wind-swept deck. But he pretended he had seen nothing. He was not surprised when McGinty returned alone.

"Got another entry for the log, lieutenant," McGinty said cheerfully.

"Where's Laurie?"

"That's it. He fell overboard."

"Can he swim?"

"He said he could."

Mitchell laughed.

"How anybody with a pan like yours can be so soft-hearted is something I don't quite get," he said.

McGinty answered in an aggrieved voice:

"Soft-hearted? Me? I was thinking of the Old Man—always crabbing about unwarranted expense. You heard him. Again and again and again. Well, why should the government give that spy free board for five years? Let the rummies feed him, if they can bear the sight of him."

"I suppose his father will take him back—seeing the boy has—ah—resigned. By the way, you said you knew Andy Laurie?"

"The best hand with a boat you ever saw," McGinty replied with indirection and enthusiasm. "By this time he's made his landing, dropped his load, and is asking God to bless the United States Coast Guard."

"Any idea where his drop is?"

"Yes and no."

Mitchell looked puzzled.

"Off to the northeast, I'd say. Off Popponessett, most likely. There's ten miles of beach with a barrier of shoals lying off Popponessett, and woods seven miles deep inland. Cap'n Laurie's made or found him a channel to get in through those shoals to the drop, where the land crew waits with the trucks. They say the old boy takes carrier pigeons out to sea with him, and releases them, when he's loaded, with a message that he's on his way and the time he ought to arrive."

"WHY haven't the customs men found him loading trucks?"

"Fat chance. There's miles and miles of little twisty roads running through them woods, but only two hit the state highway. Popponessett's Indian country. There's real Indians there; and they're in cahoots with the rummies. They guard the two roads leading off the main highway. They hold up every car at night, and look at every man jack in it.

"If there's trouble rushing toward Laurie on wheels, them Indians send warning ahead. Laurie, out on black water, gets a signal from the shore, and he stays out or dumps his load in another drop. So all the would-be raiders get is mosquito bites and horselaughs."

"Well, why can't we intercept him at this channel of his some night?"

"You got to find that channel first. I've tried half a dozen times. A patrol boat I was on went aground one night looking for it. We don't know the range, and we never could find any beacon or marker."

"Yet Laurie runs it in the dark o' the moon, in fog, in rain and sleet and snow, engines going like hell, and no lights shining ever! Nervy cuss. Does his daughter go with him all the time?"

McGinty grinned but made no answer.

"I'm going to find Andy Laurie—and his daughter," Mitchell declared.

"Good luck," McGinty said.

. . . . . .

Don sang softly as he threw clean shirts and underwear into a new leather suitcase.

"Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,
Dressed in his best suit of clothes."

He threw in socks and neckties and pyjamas, wiped his razor, screwed the cap on a tube of shaving cream.

"And he must be sopping wet,
For they haven't found him yet—"

He shoved his toothbrush into its celluloid case, and looked about him for the tooth paste.

"Dressed in his best suit of clothes!"

He was taking his scarlet silk bath robe off the hook in the bedroom closet when the doorbell rang.

"Come in," he called. "I was just singing about you, McGinty. Where the hell's my—"

"How sweet of you, Don!" cried the voice of Inez Stuart. "Van, he was just singing about me."

Don hurried into the living room, bath robe over one arm.

Inez turned solemnly to her grinning companion.

"You know," she observed, "every time I see that man he has on a different bath robe."

Don laughed and hung the robe on the door knob.

"Wait and I'll brush off a couple of chairs," he said.

THE chairs held magazines and newspapers and stray cigarettes and matches, and their backs were draped with parts of a Coast Guard uniform.

A small table and a big easy-chair stood near the fireplace. There was a picture of Inez on the table, a photograph taken when she was sixteen. It was in a hammered-silver frame. It rested against the nude bronze woman who held up the light in the red shade. A pint bottle of whisky, loosely corked, stood beside the picture, and close to it was an empty glass. On the other side of the fireplace was a long table of unpainted white pine, whereon lay the unwashed dishes of last night's dinner and this morning's breakfast.

Everywhere was dust, burnt matches and the stubs of cigarettes, everywhere books, papers, and magazines.

Don cleared a chair by holding it up and letting papers and magazines slide to the floor. He hurled a pair of trousers on to the sofa.

"Don't bother," said Van. "We can't stay."

"It's just too perfect," Inez said—"a real bachelor apartment."

"Cleanliness may be next to godliness," Don answered, "but in this case disorder proves my solid virtues. Look where you may—not one feminine touch. But the cleaning woman will be here tomorrow."

"Don't apologize. I love it."

"I noticed that. What will you give me if I let you exercise that housewifely ambition I see getting the better of you?"

"Just an old hermit," Van said, striding over to examine the books standing in a row on the mantel over the fireplace.

"We're going flying," Inez explained, "but I stopped in to invite you to my dinner tonight."

How slim and graceful she was in her soft silk shirt and her breeches and her shiny leather boots!

"You look—wonderful!" he said.

Her eyes softened, glowed.

"You're not so bad yourself in that outfit."

She seemed to notice his white canvas trousers and his light-blue sweater for the first time.

"You're not on duty?"

"Ah—no." Don seemed to have some difficulty with his throat. "No—I'm not. I'm—as a matter of fact, I'm going on a—a sort of vacation."

"Oh, splendid! Then you can come to dinner tonight."

"No, I can't. I—"

"But you just got through saying—"

"I know. I can't explain, but—but, Bluey, I can't."

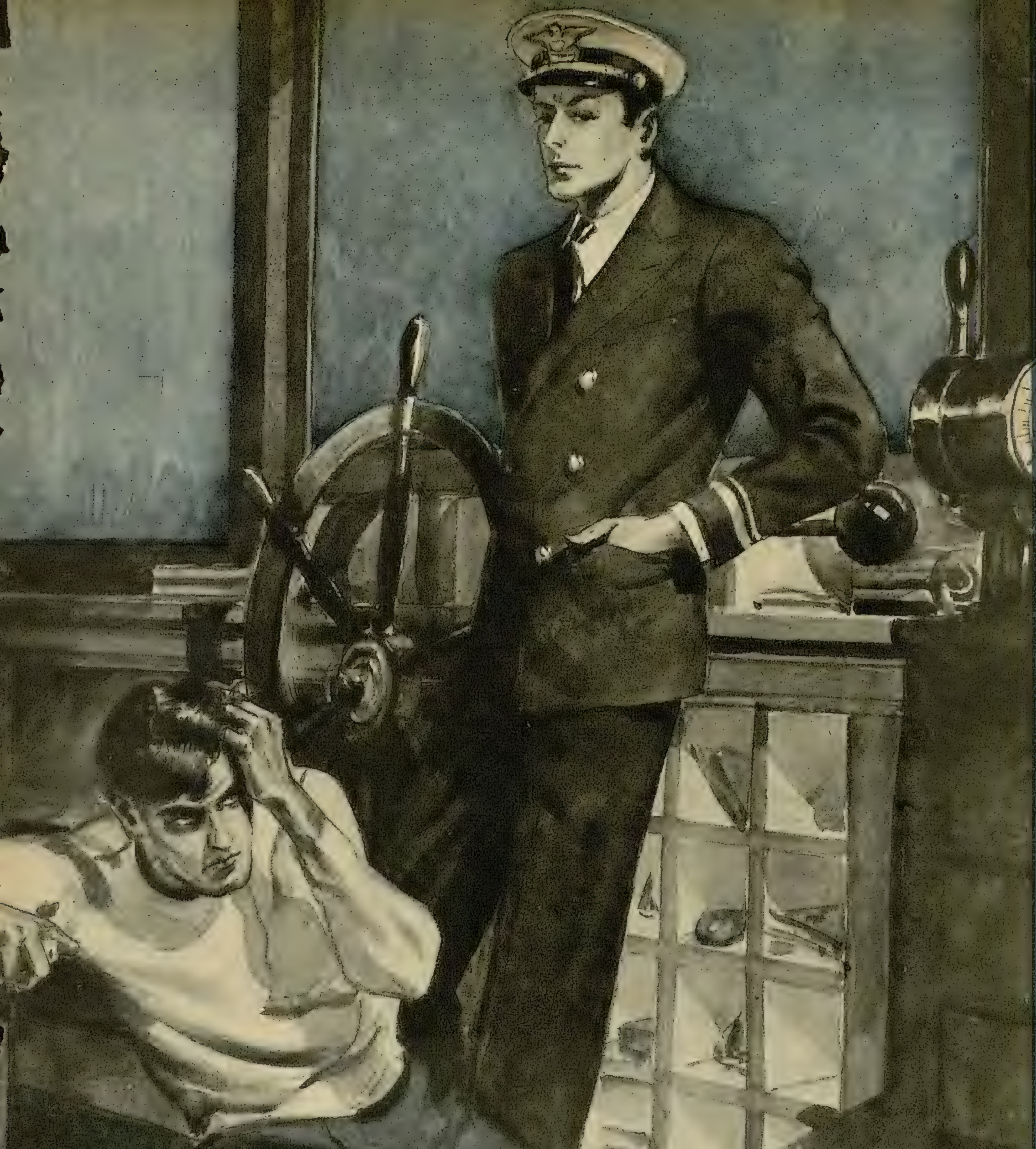
"Bluey?"

Van asked the question, looking at an opened book. He seemed amused. "An old pet name, I take it—because her eyes are blue? Lovely! Well, you two fight it out!" He put the book back and walked toward the door.

"Don, you're going to see that yellow-headed girl," Inez said, with more warmth in her voice than she realized.

Van turned with a smile.

"You are embarrassing the lieutenant," he said. "I presume he is going on some secret mission."



" Come clean, Laurie," Don said. " Nobody's going to hurt you."

Almost behind the swimmer, a little to one side of her,

"Thanks!" Don said. "Now that you've guessed it, I don't mind admitting it."

"But—can't you go after dinner? Don, really you shouldn't miss this dinner."

"And the bigwig and the admirals with whiskers to the floor? I'm sorry only that I'll miss you—and Van."

"Thanks," said Van. "I appreciate that. We have a lot in common, Mr. Mitchell. Even our choice in books is similar. I'm glad to see you have the history of Capone."

"Capone! That reminds me. Do you know anybody named Tony?"

"A bootlegger? Sure. Why?"

"He offered me a thousand dollars last night to go East. I said O. K.—and crossed him."

Lanier laughed loudly, impolitely.

"I told him you were looking for a chap named Buck," he said. "And it seems to Tony a buck is a buck. That's rich!"

Inez extended her hand in parting.

"Sorry you won't come."

"Sorry I can't."

"'By," she called from the car. "And watch out for yellow-headed women!"

Don went on with his packing. When he had finished he studied the chart Commander Howey had given him and recalled his instructions.

"Hell's fire, yes," the commander had said. "I've heard of Laurie's channel many times. Maybe you can locate it if you go at it right. The boat yard in Falmouth has a sloop to rent. Rent it. But don't spend more than twenty dollars. We can probably work that much into the gasoline account. If we can't—hell, I've got that much of my own. Rig yourself out as a summer visitor. Go fishing. Cruise around. Ask fool questions. Watch every boat you see."

Don had rented the sloop. He was dressed as a fisherman. He had rod and line and tackle, a chart, enough cigarettes, a vacuum bottle of hot coffee. And as soon as McGinty arrived he would have bait and a basket of sandwiches. He began to sing again:

"Dressed in his best suit of clothes."

DON shut off his engine. That was the jetty at the mouth of Waquoit Bay, marking the western boundary of the ten-mile sector in which lay the secret channel.

Wind and current sped him eastward. His boat, the Helen, a 24-foot sloop with an auxiliary engine, walked along briskly with mainsail and jib set.

Off to the southwest he could see the serrated outline of Edgartown harbor. Behind him was Nobska Point and its lighthouse. He looked at his chart. It showed he was just passing Succanessett Point. When he had oriented himself he anchored where the chart showed thirty feet of water, attached a lively little fish to a hook, and skittered his line over the water.

He waited patiently, but no strikes rewarded him. He didn't mind. He felt calm, aloof from the world. It was quiet here, beautiful, warm.

He woke with a violent start.

He had dreamed of his brother lying on the deck of his burning boat, wounded, calling for help, watching the flames come close. He still heard that cry for help now that he was awake, but for a moment did not believe he heard.

"Help!"

EVEN as he doubted he heard the cry again. He sprang up and looked toward shore. A scarlet flash caught his eye, not far from him. He dropped his rod. The scarlet turned into a white face—a woman's face. The face turned back to scarlet.

Now Don could see white arms flipping through the water in a swift Australian crawl. That scarlet blob was a bathing cap.

Why should anyone scream for help who could swim like that? he wondered. Cramps? Impossible. Fooling? Unlikely. Then he saw.

Almost behind the swimmer, a little to one side of her, a black triangular fin slipped smoothly through the water.

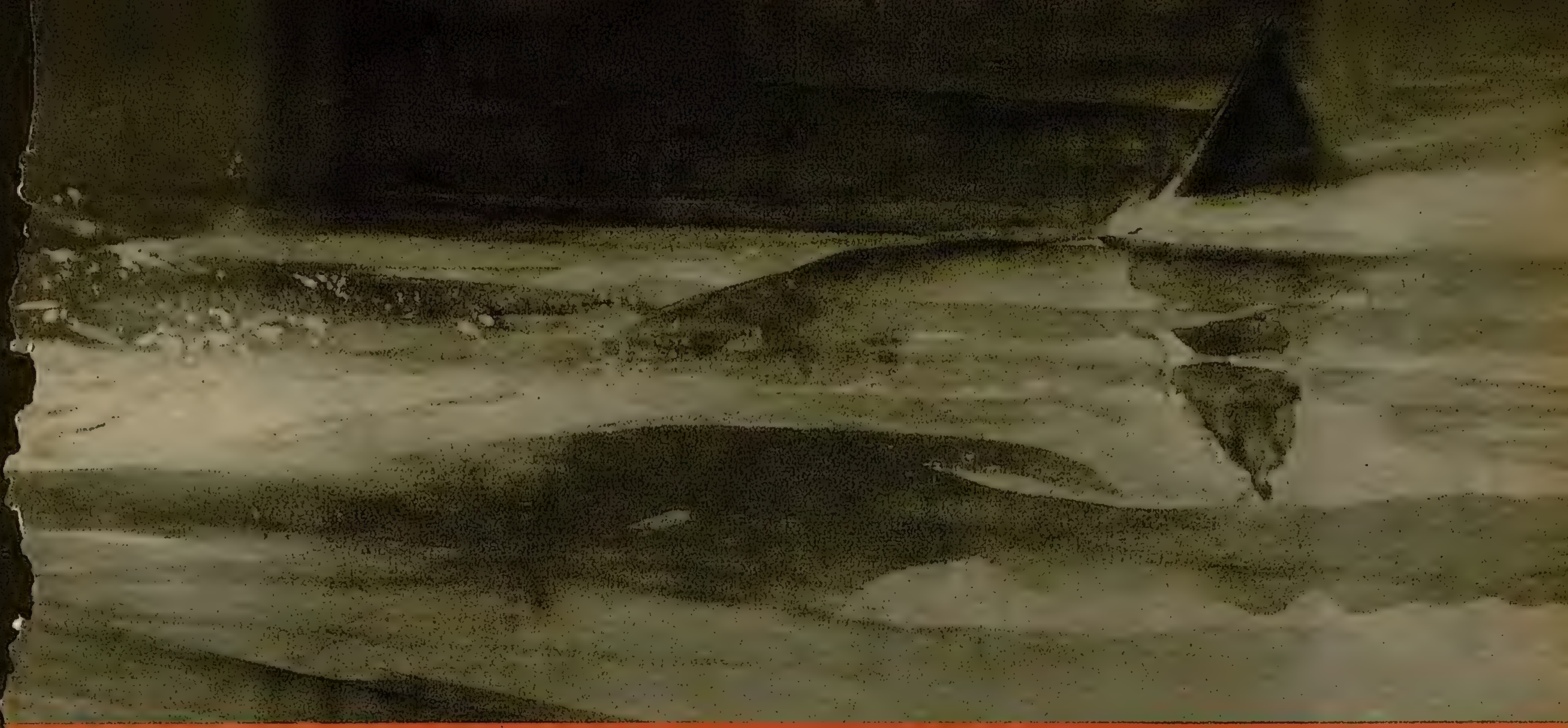
Don grabbed the short gaff that lay handy on the thwart, and plunged overboard.

"Make for the boat!" he shouted. "I'll keep it away from you."

Her white face showed for an instant, then nuzzled into the water. He saw her change her course, resume her strong, graceful stroke. He began pulling himself toward the fin, flailing the water with the gaff, churning it to foam and spray.

The fin dropped behind the scarlet cap, swerved uncertainly seaward. Don shouted, and turned his head a second—to see the girl vanish completely. He spurted toward her, took a deep breath, and dived. Salt water made his eyes smart, but he kept them open. His heart thumped fast. His lungs felt cramped, felt as though they must burst. But he went down, down, slowly and more slowly. He saw the girl. He caught her by the arm. He shot to the surface as swiftly as he could. Every moment he expected to see the white belly of the shark rushing up toward him.

He felt exhausted when he reached the air. He rested, treading water, and because the sun had temporarily



ck triangular fin slipped smoothly through the water.

blinded him he felt helpless, lost. The shark—where was it? He almost felt its great teeth tearing at his flesh.

He held the girl's head up, and with his free hand used the gaff, beating the water in mad fear. He blinked until he could see, then turned about quickly. The fin was close by, but now it was going majestically out to sea. Don breathed a great sigh of relief, and hugged the girl in his sudden happiness. He shifted her so that he could turn over on his back. And, beating the water with the gaff at every stroke of his left arm, he towed her to the sloop. She was unconscious, dead weight. For a moment he didn't know how he was to get her on board.

But with the return of his strength and the feeling of safety came an idea. Thank God he had held on to that gaff. With it he managed to hook the mooring line coiled in the bow. He took several turns under the girl's arms, to hold her. Then he clambered aboard, reached down, and pulled her over the counter.

He knelt beside her—and stared.

This couldn't be! he told himself. He had dreamed this. It was too absolutely wonderful to be real. This wasn't the girl who had filled his mind since he first saw her, the girl with the yellow hair. Yet of course it was!

He tore off the scarlet bathing cap and began to chafe her hands. He saw that she hadn't swallowed much water. Her bosom rose and fell as her mouth sucked air in short little gasps.

HAPPINESS rioted in him. Her face, her hands, her wet slim body thrilled him. He could not help but bend and kiss her salt wet lips.

Her eyes opened at his kiss, fright in them.

" You're all right now," he said.

Slowly the fright ebbed. She smiled.

" Is that why you kissed me? " she asked.

" I—I just lost control," he answered, meeting smile with smile.

She began to shiver.

" I'm still frightened," she confessed.

" And cold too," he said. He rummaged in the tiny cabin, found a couple of blankets and wrapped them about her. A flush of color gradually flooded her cheeks, and she propped herself comfortably against a thwart.

Don couldn't keep his eyes off her. She couldn't keep her eyes off Don.

" I think you are the bravest man I ever knew," she said. Her voice was husky, rich, just right, Don thought.

" I saw you yesterday in the barber shop," he said. " Was it only yesterday? You look now almost like you did then. Only your head was sticking out of clean white linen yesterday, and I never hoped to see it on top of a blue wool blanket. Wait—I've got some hot coffee."

He went back to the cabin for the vacuum bottle.

" It's scalding hot. Just sip it," he said.

" Dad would be ashamed of me if he knew how I screamed. But I was so frightened! "

" Not half so frightened as I was. That shark put ten years on me in less than ten minutes."

She reached out a hand for the coffee.

" Did you kill it? "

" I didn't get near enough even to scare it."

She peered at him over the rim of the cup. Her eyes made him feel suddenly ill at ease.

" You didn't even wait to take off your sweater! "

" I was too dumb to think of it."

HE thought suddenly of the sandwiches, and made haste to get them.

" I was dying of starvation," she admitted.

" Nothing but sandwiches. Ham. Cheese. Tongue. Corned beef. What'll you have? Say ham. I wish I had some hard-boiled eggs."

" I never eat hard-boiled eggs."

" Or some potato salad."

" I eat ham sandwiches three times a day," she swore solemnly. " I could never eat anything else."

They ate and talked and laughed. They finished the sandwiches. They finished the coffee. The girl took off the blankets and made a cushion of them. Don tore off his sweater, and the sun warmed him.

" Where did you come from? " Don asked. " You couldn't swim all the way out here from Waquoit Bay."

" I swam out farther than I meant to. And then I saw that fin." She shuddered.

" You swim well."

" I've always loved the water. I was born on the water. On the Pacific. On my father's last schooner. I lived a sailor's life for many years. Some day I want to go around the world in a sloop like this, just drifting, sailing, going wherever we please, putting into strange ports, tarrying a while, stocking up, going on. That would be heavenly to me! "

" Alone? "

" Oh, no." She laughed. " On a honeymoon, let's say."

" A honeymoon that would last a life," Don added. " It would be glorious."

The sun began to drop. The girl looked at it sadly.

" I suppose I should swim back," she said; " but I don't dare."

" I wouldn't let you," he said. " What's a boat for, if not to keep you from getting all wet again? "

She hesitated, looked at him curiously, almost with hostility, Don thought.

"Are you good at sailing?" she asked. "That is—if I show you a way in through the shoals, could you find your way back alone?"

He knew now why she had looked at him that way. She was going to take him in through her father's secret channel! She didn't know who he was. She thought he was just a tourist, and she was trusting him.

Until that moment, in the joy of being with her, he had forgotten he was a Coast Guard officer and she a smuggler and a smuggler's daughter. Until that moment he had been living in a land of dreams, sailing with her over the seven seas, loving her, holding her, helping her, having her with him every minute of every day and night.

Betty

Now in a flash the dreams were gone. They were enemies, and he was about to trick her shamefully. She was going to give him the secret that would destroy her father and herself, and he must listen and destroy.

"There's a channel here that takes you right in," she was saying. "You line up that stump on the beach with the dead pine on the bluff. See it?"

He looked where she pointed, nodded his head, and wondered at himself. How could he do this thing?

"You'll come to a flat rock under water. Keep the rock on your right. Coming out, naturally, the rock is on your left. When you get almost on top of the rock you point your bow right on East Chop. That's the light on the Vineyard. There—with the sun glinting on it."

"I see," he said.

He saw himself chasing Andy Laurie in through this channel some black night, going at top speed, his searchlight on Andy's boat and his gun firing tracer bullets. Would Andy's daughter be with him that night?

He turned from her, avoiding her eyes, and shook out the mainsail.

"I can't do this," he told himself. "A dog wouldn't do it! I ought to tell her now who I am, what I am."

One salt kiss, and life had changed. Now good-by love, good-by dreams, good-by everything worth the having.

"She'll spit in my face. But I deserve it. I can't use this information. I won't use it! I'll resign. I don't have to stay in the Coast Guard to get Buck. I can get him more easily by turning smuggler."

The thought didn't please him. Something in him disapproved. Something in him said, "I came here to find that channel, and I've found it. I'm a lieutenant in the Coast Guard, sworn to do my duty. I must do it! I'm as proud of myself as my father was, or my grandfather."

"My dad's coming!"

THE girl's glad cry roused Don from his meditations. He watched her leap to the bow and wave her arms at a speed boat rushing toward them. He stooped and picked up the scarlet bathing cap, and discovered with some surprise that it wasn't a cap but a kerchief. He folded it and thrust it into his pocket.

"You won't have to take me in now," the girl said.

"Sorry."

When would he see her again? And where? Tomorrow night, perhaps, somewhere out at sea. Never at her home; he felt convinced of that. She might love him—out of gratitude—and he would always love her. He knew that. Yet they must always be enemies and at war.

The speed boat slowed, came alongside. A tall, lean man with a weather-beaten face tossed a line. He made Don think of Augustus Cæsar in bronze, Cæsar with a wisp of rope-colored mustache.

The girl caught the line deftly and passed it to Don.

"What are you doing on that sloop?"

The Roman's voice was stern.

"Hiding from the sharks," she answered lightly.

"Sharks?"

It was amazing, Don thought, how much contempt and insult the man put into that word. He looked at the old man's hazel eyes, and found mockery and distrust. And in the heavy eyebrows, bleached to the color of dried seaweed, there was insolence and disdain.

"I was swimming and a shark chased me. You're lucky I'm alive."

Her father turned from Don's face to his daughter's and back to Don's again.

"It certainly was a shark," Don said. "I saw it, within fifty feet of your daughter. It went off to sea when I thrashed the water."

The Roman sneered. "So you thrashed the water, did you? Kind of you, I'm sure!"

"Dad! Why, he jumped in and chased the shark, and then he had to dive to get me. I—to tell you the truth, I was so scared I fainted."

A ROUND red face with round blue eyes and a round red nose thrust itself out of the engine-room hatch of the speed boat. It was a face entirely surrounded by straw-colored hair. A wheezing voice caught Don's attention.

"Was its fin a-stickin' outer the water same as a little black leg-o'-mutton sail?"

"Exactly," Don said.

"Then 'twas naught but a sand shark. Lord love you, young feller, they be harmless as kittens. You could swim alongside an' put yer arm over its fin an' kiss it on the nose if you was minded to—and spry enough.

"Betty, I'm plumb ashamed of you, kicking up a fuss over a sand shark."

"Betty!" Don said to himself. "Betty Laurie!"

"How was I to know it was a sand shark?" Betty asked.

"Stop your tongue, Sam," the Roman ordered, "and get the engines started. Betty, you come aboard."

She turned to Don, giving him her hand.

"Good-by. I can't express my thanks."

She jumped to the speed boat, caught her father in a quick embrace and kissed him.

The old man smiled genially on Don.

"I'm obliged to you, sir. If you thought it was a man-eater—"

Don grinned sheepishly.

"I did think all sharks were man-eaters," he acknowledged.

"And that didn't stop you? Man, you're—you're all right! And I'm beholden to you. Where you bound? Cotuit?"

"Falmouth."

"Then you'd best waste no time, or you'll have the tide against you. Cast off that line, Betty."

The speed boat's engines roared.

"Good-by," Betty shouted.

"Good-by," Don shouted back.

The speed boat circled off, Betty waving her bare arm.

It was only then Don realized he did not know the Roman's name. He had taken it for granted the man was Andy Laurie. But he might be wrong. Perhaps it was some other girl he had seen on the rumrunner that foggy night. A face in a fog! How could he be sure?

He shouted frantically through the megaphone of his hands. He saw Betty shake her head, indicating that she could not understand.

He shouted again.

He could see her lean close to her father and speak to him, hand to her mouth, and whooped with joy when the boat turned off its course and came within hailing distance of the sloop. The noise of her engines subsided.

"Anything wrong?" the Roman shouted.

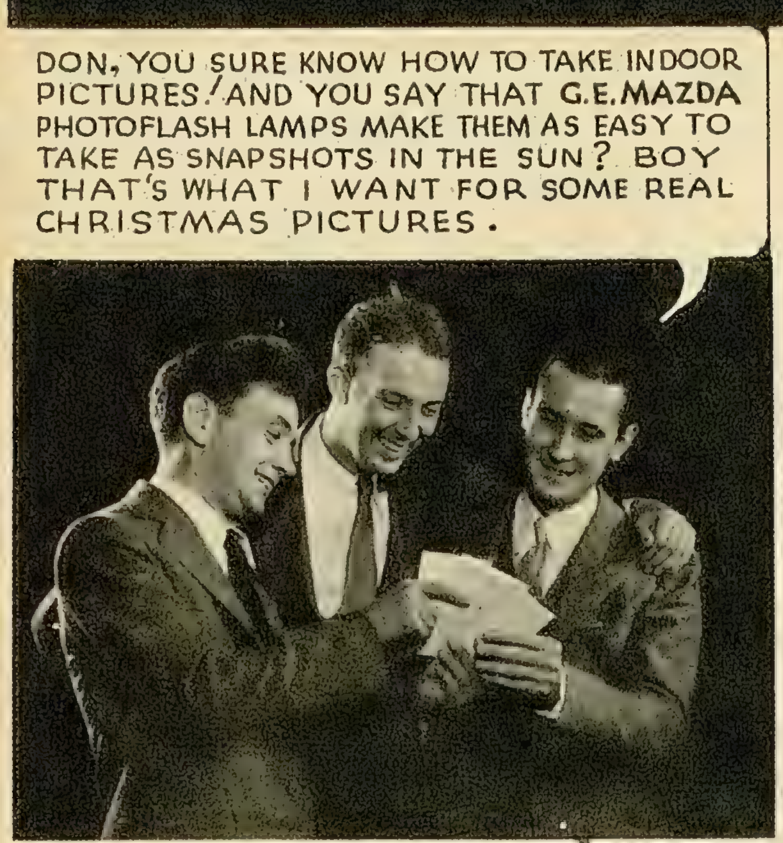
"What's your name?" Don bawled.

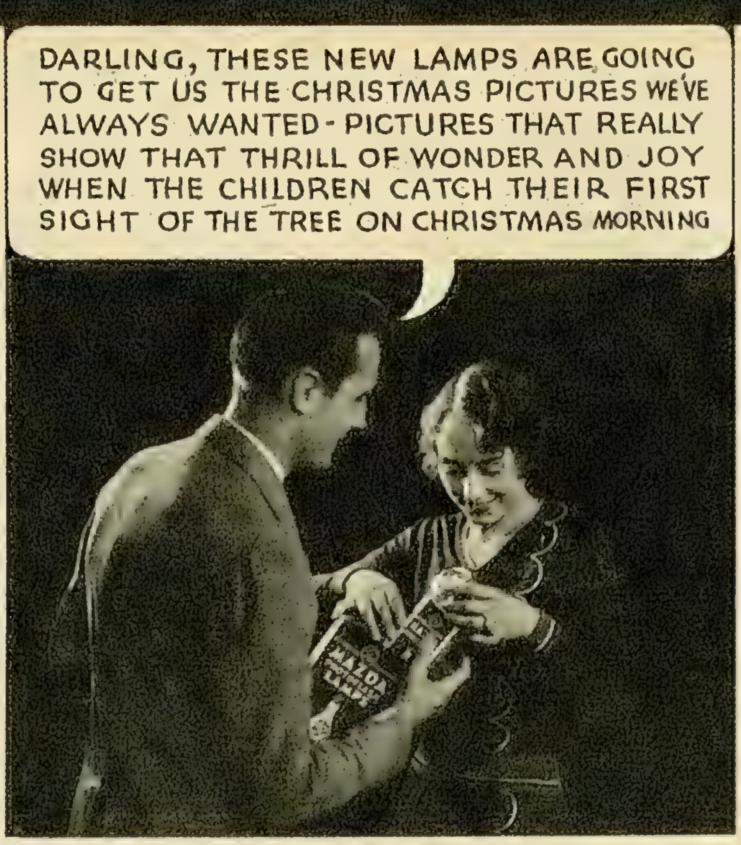
The Roman looked at his daughter and laughed.

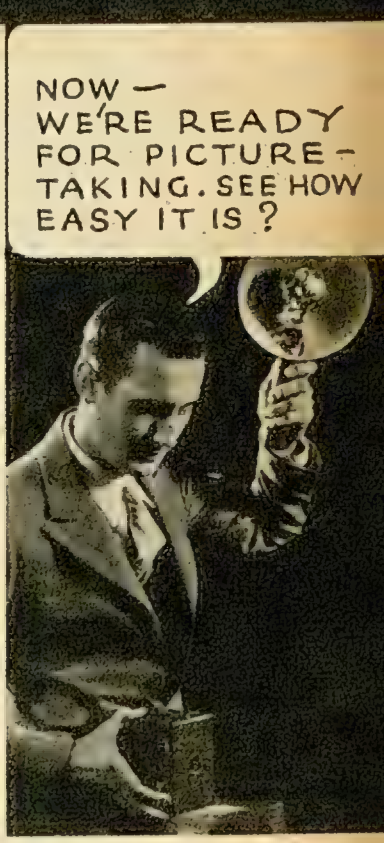
"The name is Laurie," he shouted. "Andy Laurie. But you can call me 'Buck'!"

In next week's installment you'll learn of Don Mitchell's continued search for Buck Laurie's secret cache and his narrow escape from death.

Tom finds out how to picture CHRISTMAS JOYS AND THRILLS


DON, YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO TAKE INDOOR PICTURES! AND YOU SAY THAT G.E.MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS MAKE THEM AS EASY TO TAKE AS SNAPSHOTS IN THE SUN? BOY THAT'S WHAT I WANT FOR SOME REAL CHRISTMAS PICTURES.


DARLING, THESE NEW LAMPS ARE GOING TO GET US THE CHRISTMAS PICTURES WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED - PICTURES THAT REALLY SHOW THAT THRILL OF WONDER AND JOY WHEN THE CHILDREN CATCH THEIR FIRST SIGHT OF THE TREE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING
MAZDA LAMPS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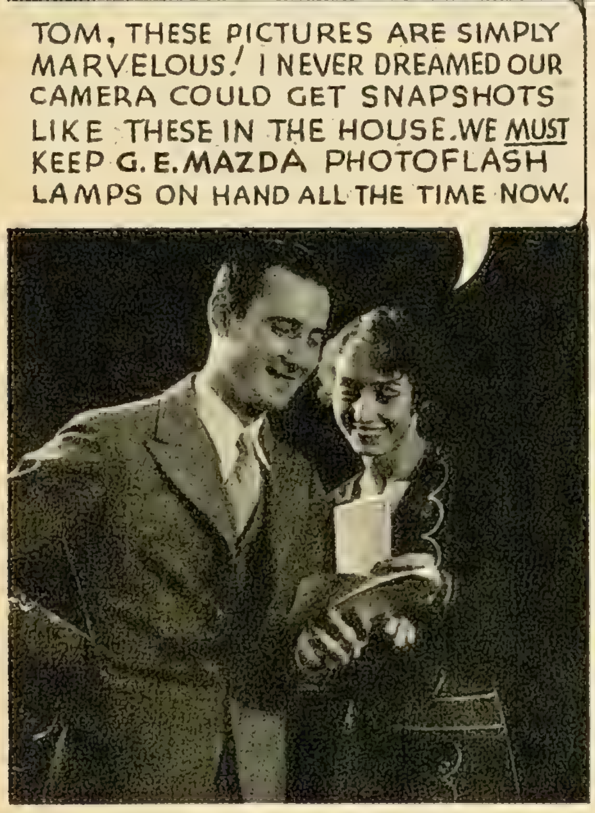
TOM, THESE PICTURES ARE SIMPLY MARVELOUS! I NEVER DREAMED OUR CAMERA COULD GET SNAPSHOTS LIKE THESE IN THE HOUSE. WE MUST KEEP G.E.MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS ON HAND ALL THE TIME NOW.

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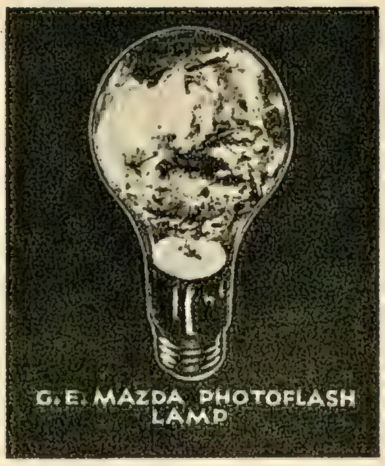
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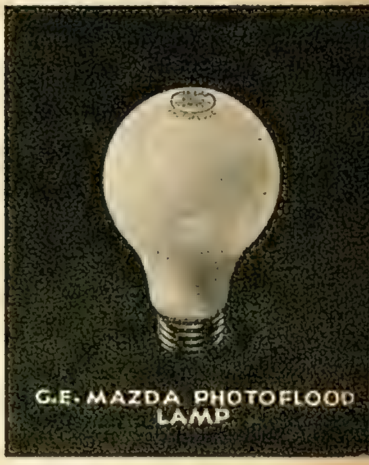
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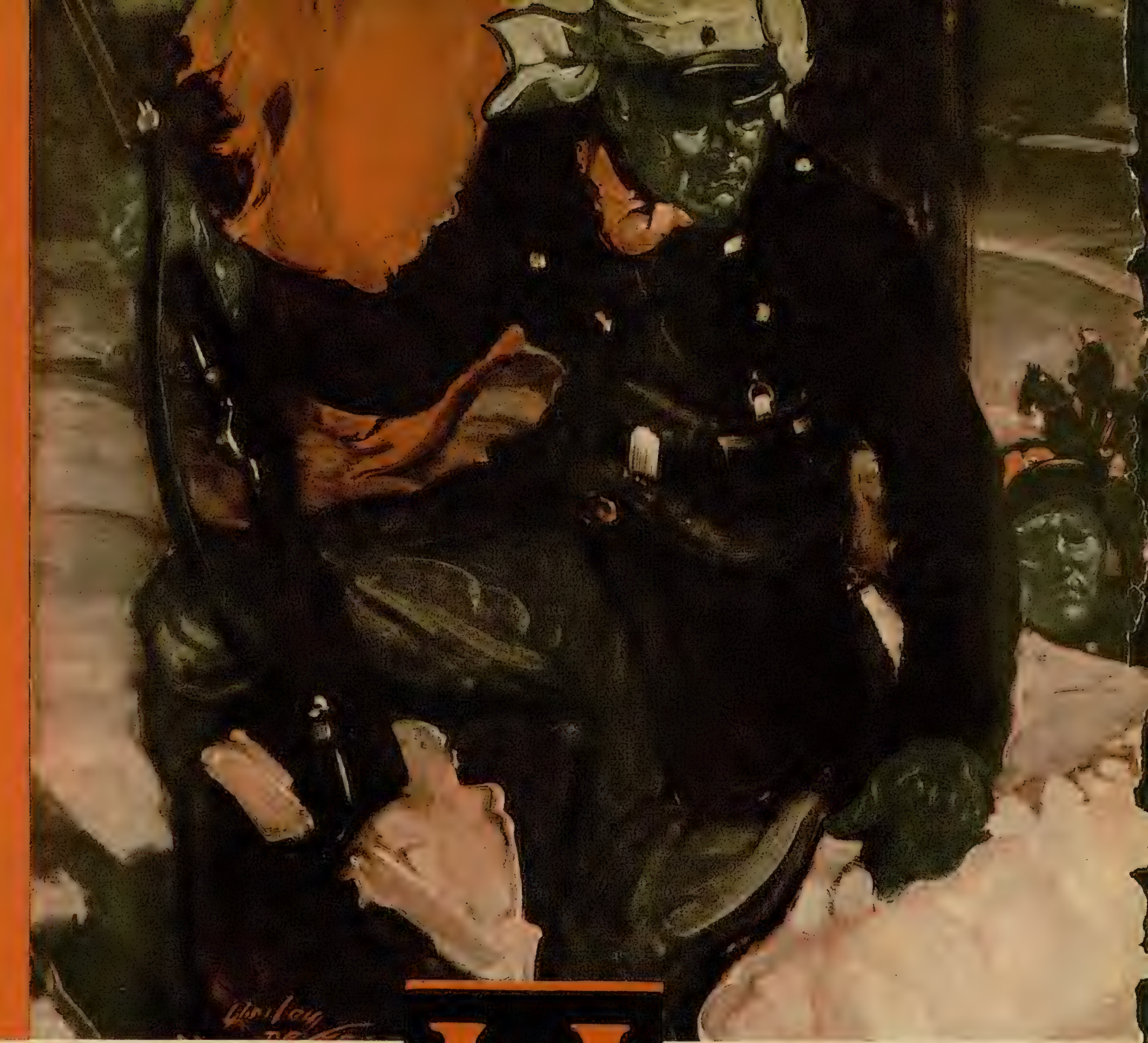


We climbed to the top of the wall and looked over. I don't know what we expected to see, but there was not a soul to be seen anywhere; everything was deathly quiet.

Pictures by CHARLES DE FEO

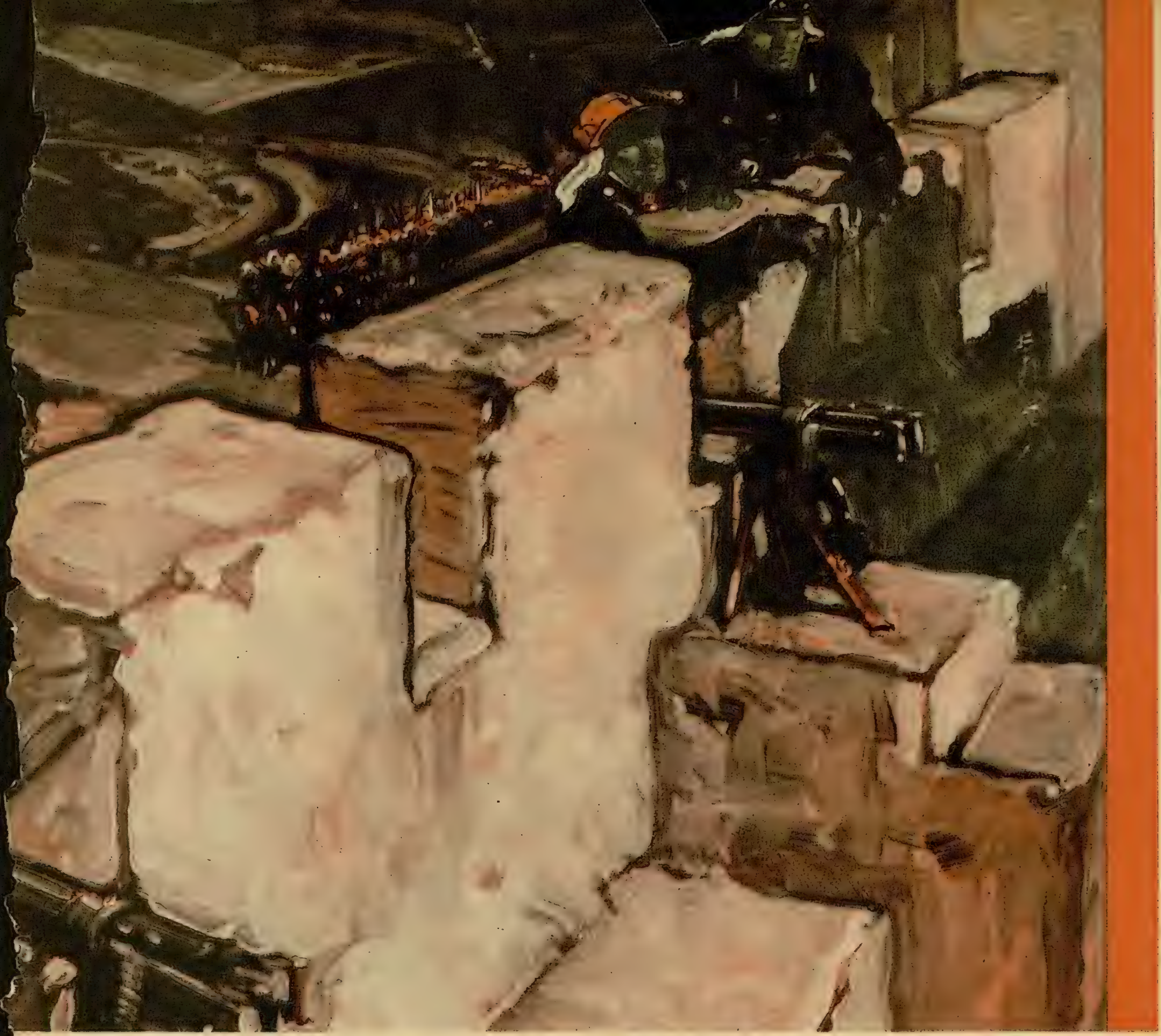
HELL

Madness in the Dark—Bad Mules and Good Wine—The Riddle of the Deserted Fort at Ammasine—The Pool of Death—A Vigil with Machine Guns

(Reading time: 27 minutes 40 seconds.)

IN this, his own story of his five years in the French Foreign Legion and French prisons, Ex-Legionnaire 1384 is sometimes addressed as Barrington. That name, he informs the reader, is fictitious, and so are the names of his side-kick McCann, their Fifth Squadron's "skipper," Captain Dupont, and the youthful Lieutenant Beaumont—though the men themselves are real. His purpose in telling the story, he avows, is an indictment of the Legion and the military authorities responsible for its "brutalizing" traditions.

So far, the scene is Morocco during Abd-el-Krim's insurrection. The first installment was an account of the squadron's defense of an outpost, Bab Mezrab, at the end of which ten Legionnaires with no water were left standing to fight off the Riffs. Last week's installment opened with Lieutenant Beaumont's childish but pathetic desertion and suicide. It went on to give grim word pictures of the floggings and



HOUNDS!

X-LEGIONNAIRE 1384 In collaboration with W. J. BLACKLEDGE

spread-eaglings meted out to refractory Legionnaires. It described the gaudy "Pit," an underground dance hall and stew in Fez. It told of the hideous fate of a dozen deserting Legionnaires who tried to make their way to the Riff country but were caught and mutilated by the Partisans, irregular Arab patrols of the plains. The sight of the victims so maddened Legionnaire 1384 that he fell upon the sergeant of the Partisans and was throttling him when forced by "the Skipper" to desist.

PART THREE—THE LOST GARRISON

FOR my few moments of madness I spent the night in the cells in total darkness; but as I slept most of the time, it did not worry me much. True, it was a weird experience not to know night from day in that pitch blackness. I slept like a log for several hours—I calculated later that it must have been ten hours' unbroken sleep. When I awoke I stared hard, trying to penetrate the blackness. It was impossible, of course. I blinked drowsily and dozed off again.

WHEN I became fully awake I felt round the stone walls. I found the door with my hands, then sat on the floor facing it, waiting for it to be opened and the blessed light of day let in. I seemed to wait hours and hours in that pitch blackness, playing silly games with myself, opening and shutting my eyes, then keeping them closed tightly while I counted a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, opening them again with the expectation of seeing daylight. On one of these silly occasions I counted up to ten thousand. My childish disappointment on opening my eyes was so great that I began to curse and blaspheme; but the sound of my voice was such good company that I began to sing and shout. I did one or two stump speeches, telling the whole French nation what I thought of them in good round terms.

Then I began to recite. I was amazingly happy all at once and told myself I did not care how many weeks they left me there. A scrap of Shelley came into my mind and I spoke it as loudly as I could:

" Men of England!
Heirs of Glory!
Heroes of unwritten story! "

And so on. Well, I thought, that's good, that's splendid. Now what about something else? I did not realize then that it was a bad sign when a man talked to himself; but I had to do something or go mad.

All sorts of weird memories came into my mind. When I had thoroughly exhausted myself I lay down with my head against the door and my eyes tight shut. I had a sudden terrified feeling that it was not really dark in the cell. It was only that I had gone blind!

I began to argue the matter out with myself. I poked my fingers in my eyes till I could *see* spots and stars in the blackness, and I argued that if I could *see* those floating, shadowy spots I was not quite blind. There was still time! God in heaven! If only they would open that door I might still be saved from blindness! I began to pound on it with my fists. At that time they were pretty tough fists, but by the time I had exhausted myself my hands had burst in several places and I was reduced to a shivering sweat. After that I lay still for a long time. It really didn't matter if I was blind. I should have finished with the rotten Legion anyway.

I developed a marvelous scheme then. I could *see* myself being discharged, being escorted to the train for Damascus, then taken aboard the ship for Marseilles, escorted by train to Paris, shipped to England. I was not clear how I should make my way to Trafalgar Square, but I could *see* myself there, on a soap box, telling a very harrowing tale about life in the Legion and, incidentally, my blindness. I was just in the act of taking a thumping big collection when I heard the rattle of keys and the door being opened. I scrambled to my feet—and met a sudden flash of daylight!

OF course I was blinded by that, but was not blind at all in the sense I had been raving to myself about. I staggered out into the corridor. Two of the jailers grabbed me and hustled me along. At the gates I was handed over to an escort of the Legion, and then marched off to face Captain Dupont. By the time we reached his quarters I was very nearly normal again.

The Skipper met me with a mouthful of curses, but refrained from using his heavy boots. I started to clean his kit, tidy his room, and generally assume my multifarious duties. It was, I saw, about four o'clock of the afternoon, so I must have been in that infernal cell for about twenty hours. As I say, it did not worry me a great deal, except for the last two or three hours. I had yet to learn what it was like to be in that pitch blackness for seven days.

As I went about my job I happened to catch the Skipper's eye on me. I took the opportunity to tell him that I could do with something to eat and drink, and I was booted for doing so. That did not worry me either. He was merely preserving his attitude of stolid brutality. One got accustomed to those kicks in the belly—for the Skipper could lift his foot quicker than most men could lift a hand—and it became a habit to harden the diaphragm in anticipation. I don't know that I could stand such kicking now. In the Legion it is different. You adapt yourself and become carcass-hardened. It is either that or go under with a terrific amount of suffering.

I repeated the Spaniard's story of mutilation to him, and with amazing effrontery suggested that the Partisans should be made to pay for their dastardly work. After all, they had destroyed twelve good Legionnaires.

" Twelve dogs! " snarled the Skipper. " We should have lost them in any case. What the Spanish swine says may be true, maybe not. But whatever happened, they asked for it. A lesson to you and to others."

" *Mon capitaine*," I persisted, " will you not take action, and punish these inhuman beasts of men for their horrible crime? Our men will speak in evidence."

He laughed. " *Non! Non! Non!* It cannot be. These are cases where the word of a Partisan is taken before that of such dogs of the Legion. Partisans are good soldiers. They are useful to France."

AND that was the last time I ever attempted to rouse authority in the cause of justice where the Partisans were concerned. The Skipper dismissed me with his foot, and told me to get to my own quarters, where I should find some food waiting me, ending with a warning that I must keep my nose out of the affairs of the Partisans in future if I wished to continue as his servant. I realized, of course, that I had been let off lightly with only twenty hours' cells, but that the Skipper had to do something to save his face before the Fifth Squadron, who both feared and loved him.

When I got back I found McCann awaiting me with enough food to feed half a dozen men. His India-rubber face creased into a delightful grin when he saw me.

" Come on, you son of a gun! Dig into this, Barrington, and then we'll go out and paint this gol-darned city black and blue! "

A great pal, McCann! In his company the brutalities of life in the Legion did not seem half so bad. I wonder if he or I could have endured the life as long as we did if it had not been for our wonderful comradeship? I very much doubt it. Six thousand miles of ocean divide us now, but I shall never forget, nor will he.

" Heard the news, boy? "

" What news? "

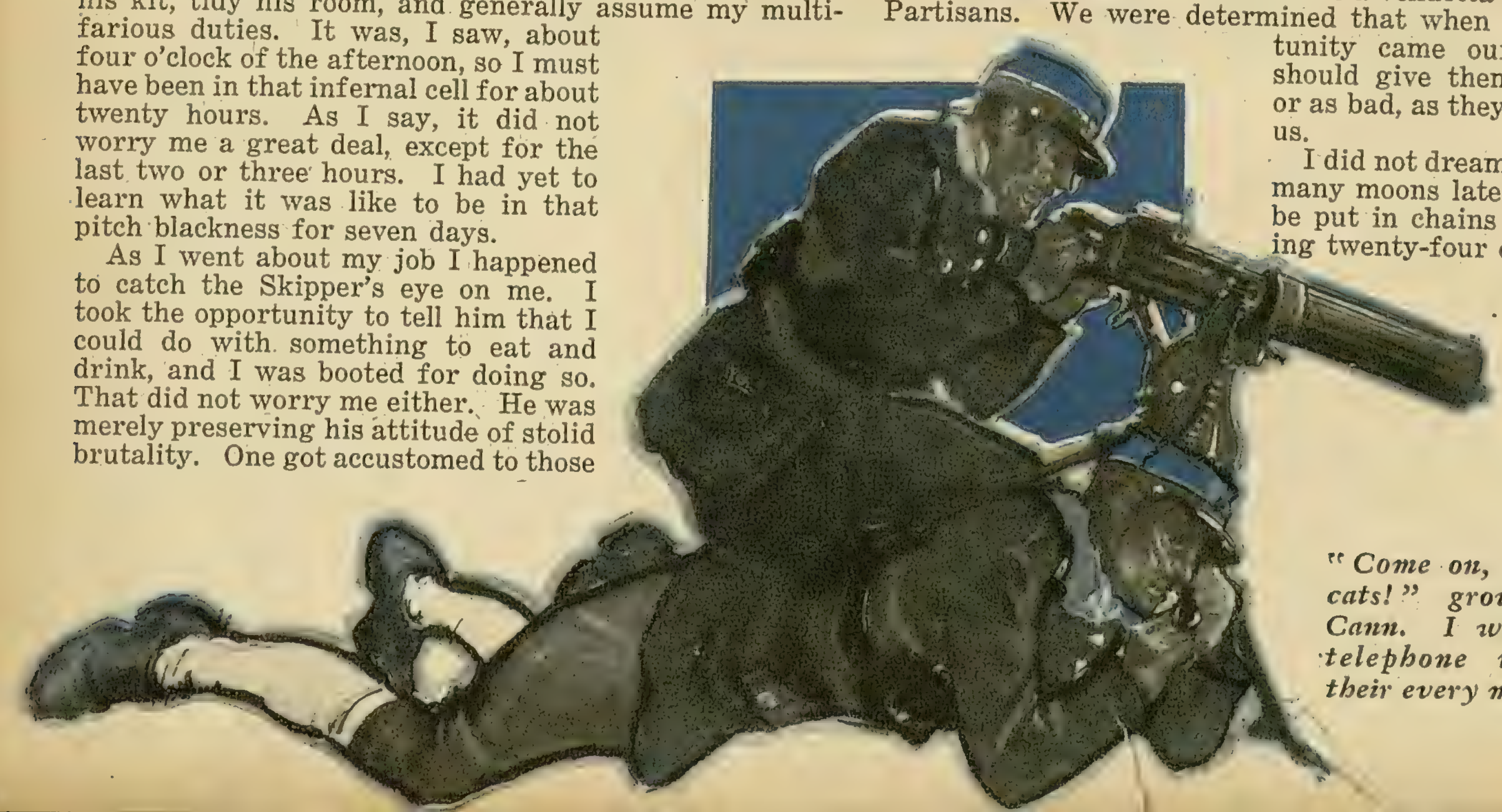
" The Fifth are to move up to the fort of Ammasine."

" Good! So it was *that!* I thought something had happened to put the Skipper in a good humor."

" Yeah? Well, we'll see a little scrapping, I bet you."

That night McCann and I swore a vendetta against all Partisans. We were determined that when the opportunity came our way we should give them as good, or as bad, as they had given us.

I did not dream then that, many moons later, I should be put in chains for shooting twenty-four of them!



" Come on, you tiger cats! " growled McCann. I was at the telephone reporting their every movement.

On the march up to Ammasine, McCann, to his intense disgust and my delight, was placed in charge of the mule transport. It proved to be a great source of amusement to the squadron generally, for they could never understand why, since Mac and I were such inseparable pals, we were perpetually ragging each other, not to say quarreling. The newcomers especially found it incomprehensible. Our attitude convinced them that these English-speaking people were mad.

Nevertheless, McCann's antics in trying to keep the stubborn and stupid mules in line were really funny. There was little he did not know about horses, but he hated mules. And he showed it in his handling of them. As I watched him, occasionally throwing out hints and generally helping to make matters worse, I felt certain he was in for trouble.

It came. I was riding leisurely along when I noticed a confusion among the kicking mules and heard a bawling American voice. The mule transport had got itself tied up in a frightful mess. I rode over and found McCann valiantly endeavoring to get two of the animals to rise. One of them was carrying a barrel of the troop's wine, and in going down it had struck a boulder. In an attempt to stop the flow of precious liquid, Mac put his mouth to the gap, but it was too much even for him. He tried to hold it back with his hands, and was pretty well drenched in the process. He looked as if he could have wept at the sight of all that wicked waste.

"You damn' lime-juicer! What in hell are you sitting up there grinning for?" he bleated. "Can't you see what we're losing? Give us a hand, for the love of Mike!"

There seemed to be no thought in his head for the fact that he was holding up the whole column with a couple of mules. It was the wine, the spilled wine, that made his heart bleed. When Captain Dupont came up and saw what had happened—the two mules down, the wine leaking, and poor old Mac vainly trying to stop it—he stared incredulously. It looked for a moment as if he were about to use his whip on McCann, but seeing the funny side of the picture he started to roar, and so did the rest of us.

Some of the boys got down and helped to put matters right, and we continued our march with the loss of nearly half a barrel of wine. McCann was never again placed in charge of the mules. He was docked ten days' pay, which amounted to fivepence, since a Legionnaire's pay is only one sou per day during his first eighteen months of service.

We were still within some eight miles of Ammasine when the escorting column withdrew and returned to Fez, leaving the Fifth Squadron to proceed alone. A little while later we came within sight of the fort. We saw the French tricolor flying over the outpost. We drew closer and rode to attention, anticipating the appearance of the commandant whom we had come to relieve. We drew nearer and nearer, but still no one came out from the fort to meet us. We were now within three to four hundred yards of the road leading to the fort, but there was no sign of life anywhere.

THIS was decidedly strange, to say the least. Captain Dupont called a halt and gathered his officers round him to discuss this most unusual situation. Then he called a corporal, McCann and me, and a third trooper, and ordered us to proceed up to the fort, taking every precaution. Frankly, we did not like the idea at all. There was something altogether mysterious and sinister about this silent fort. What had happened to the Legion infantry who should be in garrison there?

We rode cautiously up to the main gates. We were not afraid of standing up to anything we could see. But there was too much of the unknown about this ghostly silence. If the place had been taken, why was the tricolor fluttering in the breeze up there? We reached the gates, hammered on them with our rifles, and yelled:

"*Ouvrez la porte! Ouvrez la porte!*"

But there was no answer. Not a sound.

"Hell!" cried McCann. "These birds must be all liquored up!"

The corporal suggested we should climb on to the wall. We drove close up to the masonry, stood up in the saddle, and climbed to the top. I don't know what we expected to see when we looked over, but there was not a soul to be seen anywhere; everything was deathly quiet. What was the secret of this mysterious silence brooding over the fort? We cleared the walls and landed inside. Still not a sound, not a movement. We opened the big iron-studded doors, and then signaled to the squadron waiting below.

Captain Dupont, fuming with rage at the unaccountable delay, came riding up at the gallop. We explained the situation to him. He at once detailed search parties to go through every cranny and corner of the buildings of the fort, while he remained in the central parade ground, pacing up and down and pondering on what could have happened to the force we were relieving.

EVERYTHING was in perfect order. In the barrack rooms beds were carefully laid out. The stores and the magazine room were clean and tidy, and still contained a quantity of ammunition and rations. The only sign of disturbance about the whole place was that the telephone wires had been cut. That was significant enough.

It was the strangest thing I have ever experienced in its way: the whole fort in apple-pie order and not a soul left in it! There was not the faintest sign of dead or wounded, not a scrap of leather, a gun, a boot, or even a button to mark the presence of those who had been there. The place had a distinctly unpleasant atmosphere, and the men were conscious of it. They were restive. There was talk in the ranks of the fort being bewitched or haunted. As first one party returned to report to the Skipper, and then another and another, the tale was the same—nothing. By now there was a distinct rumble among the ranks. Men were asking what the captain intended to do.

"Do! You *sales cochons!* You ask me!"

He snapped out the order to fall in and threatened to shoot any man who dared disobey. The ranks stiffened to attention. Once again they were just men of the French Foreign Legion. Double sentries were posted on the walls and on the various rooms, with a special guard on the magazine room. Then the Skipper called the officers for a conference in his headquarters. After discussions that went on for a couple of hours I was called in to prepare the Skipper for the night. Looking at me from beneath his bushy brows, he said:

"What do you make of this, Barrington?"

"I think, *mon capitaine*, I might be able to solve this mystery if I were given a free hand and time—twenty-four hours. I have an idea at the back of my head. If you would permit McCann and me—"

"Very well, bring in McCann."

I found my chum at his usual pastime, filling up with liquor.

"What does the damned hobo want now?" he groused. "Can't he leave a guy alone for five minutes?"

"This is serious, Mac."

"Yeah? Serious? Those birds left some good wine behind, wherever they went. What d'ya know about that!"

Several other officers had gathered in the Skipper's quarters when McCann and I went back. Some of them looked uneasy, others a trifle bored.

"Now, what is this wonderful idea of yours, Barrington?" growled the Skipper.

I suggested that whatever had happened to our comrades of the Legion infantry, the Riffs were responsible for it. It was some trick of theirs. They had somehow spirited the men away.

"You're crazy!" interrupted McCann.

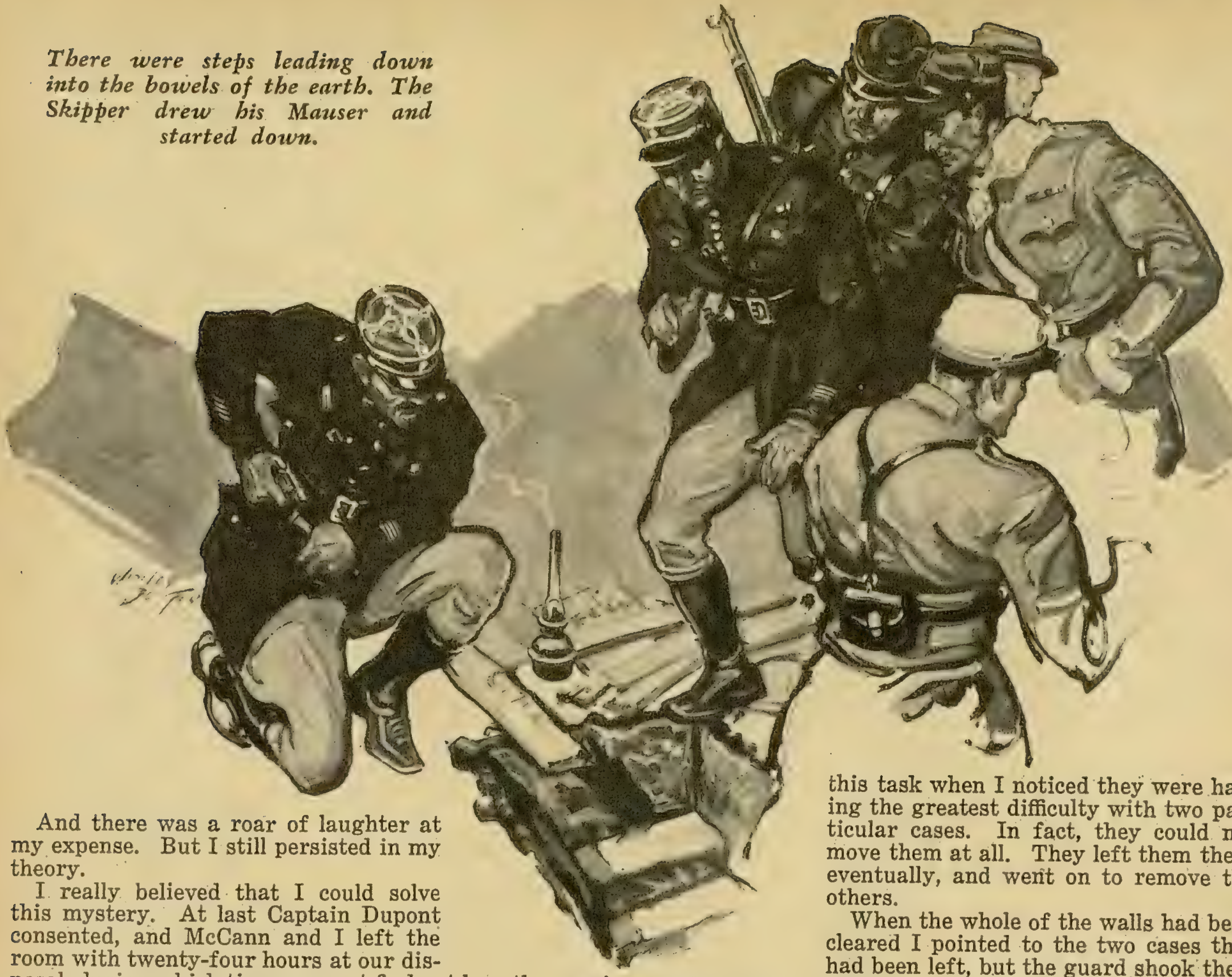
"*Tais toi!*" roared the captain. "Exactly what do you mean, Barrington?"

"Sir, I think there must be some secret way out of this fort, a way known only to the Riffs. I should like a free hand to investigate."

Turning to the officers, Captain Dupont asked their opinion.

"*Les Anglais sont foux!*"

There were steps leading down into the bowels of the earth. The Skipper drew his Mauser and started down.



And there was a roar of laughter at my expense. But I still persisted in my theory.

I really believed that I could solve this mystery. At last Captain Dupont consented, and McCann and I left the room with twenty-four hours at our disposal, during which time we must find out how the garrison had been spirited away.

Outside, McCann looked at me mournfully.

"Poor old Barrington! I never thought you'd get it so bad, kid. D'ya have any pain with it? What are the symptoms? You poor bloody fish! To think you could solve a problem like this! Boy, I always knew you were crazy. Those officers were right."

"Put a sock in it, Mac. This is serious. In the next twenty-four hours we're going to examine every inch of this benighted fort."

"Yeah? O. K., Keylock Holmes! Let's go to it."

And how we searched! Hour after hour we wandered about, examining every nook and crevice, the mad American and the still madder Englishman! Every man in the squadron looked on, tickled to death at our antics. I soon realized that if I failed in this project I should henceforth be the prize idiot of the squadron. I felt rather sorry for having dragged McCann into it. Not that he appeared to mind. He took advantage of the situation to cadge *bidons* of wine, and since our progress was a source of amusement to the rest of the boys, he managed to collect a gallon or two during the search.

WE came at last to the magazine room, a stout stone structure. The sergeant in charge of the guard walked round with us, freely expressing his opinion of us and our quest. He said he had never seen anyone go *cafard* in quite the way we had done, and so on, *ad libitum.*

Round the walls of this room were stacked cases of ammunition. I decided that to have them all removed would serve the double purpose of helping me in the search and getting even with the sergeant. He disliked the idea intensely. It meant putting all his men on the job. But as I carried orders from the Skipper, he dared not refuse.

And so began the task of dragging the cases into the center of the room. The men had got halfway through this task when I noticed they were having the greatest difficulty with two particular cases. In fact, they could not move them at all. They left them there eventually, and went on to remove the others.

When the whole of the walls had been cleared I pointed to the two cases that had been left, but the guard shook their heads, averring that those two must be stuck to the floor in some way. It was then that McCann and I looked at each other with slightly raised brows.

We tugged and pulled at the cases ourselves, but they could not be moved. At last we decided to open them and take out the contents. When this had been done we found that they had been secured to the floor of the magazine room by means of hand bolts screwed home from *beneath* the floor. Strangely excited at this discovery, I had the cases taken to pieces, and as we freed the lower boards we saw that they had been used to cover an aperture in the floor. Beyond this aperture were steps leading down into the bowels of the earth.

I IMMEDIATELY sent one of the guard to report our find to Captain Dupont. Another was dispatched for hurricane lamps. In a few minutes the Skipper had arrived, accompanied by two other officers and a number of the boys. There was no need to explain anything. That cavity spoke for itself. It was not an old excavation. It was new. The place smelled of newly turned earth.

The Skipper took a lamp, drew his Mauser, and started down the steps. We followed. At the foot we came into a large room with earthen walls reënforced with timber, and around them were cases of blasting powder with a fuse laid all ready to blow the fort sky-high!

Leading out of this chamber was a long passage which seemed to descend deeper and deeper as we passed through it. Suddenly it opened out into a wide chamber several yards in extent, and the Skipper, who was leading, raised his lamp and called the order to halt. Before him was an expanse of water. We approached cautiously, and to our horror found the water filled with dead bodies.

"*Sacré bon Dieu!*" cried the Skipper. "What is this?"

We crowded round the edge of the water, then found we could splash through it, for it was but a shallow Pool of Death we had stumbled upon. The stench was appalling. Rats leaped. We had to step with extreme care in getting across, since those mutilated bodies beneath our feet had been our comrades of the Legion.

Messages were sent back along the tunnel for fatigue parties to get busy. I did not envy them their job, and I was immensely relieved to reach the other side and continue with Captain Dupont along the subterranean tunnels. Always it seemed that we went down an incline, down and down as we progressed, and presently we saw ahead of us a tiny spot of light. It grew bigger as we approached it, and presently we came to another chamber. This was well stacked with cases of ammunition. Here the air was much sweeter and cleaner. We rested while Captain Dupont went forward cautiously along the few remaining yards of tunnel. We saw him drop to his knees and crawl the last few feet and peer out.

In another moment he was hastening back to us.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried hoarsely. "But there is a great army of Riffs out there, beyond the ridge, in such ambush that they cannot be seen from the top of the fort! Come!"

We followed him and looked out. There, in the valley, was an encampment of Riffs about three thousand strong. They had thought their undermining of the fort safe from detection and so, fortunately for us, they had not troubled to leave a guard at this end of it. But Captain Dupont took that precaution, and the remainder of our party trooped back to the magazine chamber. Presently men came down to us with rations and a plentiful supply of wine.

By this time everyone had changed his attitude toward the mad American and the still madder Englishman. We were, indeed, privileged men, eating and drinking while others slaved to carry out the Skipper's orders, and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Naturally I felt proud of my achievement.

I DO not know even now what prompted me to pursue that seemingly foolhardy quest. I had argued that since the garrison had been spirited away in some manner by the Riffs, without leaving a trace of any kind behind, and since the Riffs had not then taken possession of the empty fort, it was clear that whatever means they had used would be employed again, after the relieving force had taken over. In short, they had some secret means of getting in and out of the fort. It was possible that they would use the same method to capture us as they had used before. Having done this once, was there any reason why they should not do it again, as cleanly and as mysteriously, again and yet again? In this way they might account for a great many companies and squadrons of the ill-fated Legion before being discovered.

I do not know what the orders were that caused the Fifth Squadron to be sent to relieve the fort at Ammasine. Until I came up against this mysterious problem I had thought we were relieving a garrison which was due for a rest. Then I began to see that it might well be otherwise. We had been sent to relieve a fort from which there had been no news for days. Supposing, therefore, we were spirited away too! Very well. Then another squadron of the Legion would be sent along to see why we had not communicated with headquarters at Fez since our arrival—and another, and another! I could see this trick being played quite a number of times before a vast column of the French army would be sent along to investigate the whole mysterious business.

There was something about it that smacked of the Riff mentality. Abd-el-Krim was not merely a powerful chieftain; he was immensely wealthy. Nothing was too big for him. He could command the expert assistance of all manner of specialists in warfare. His agents at that time must have been flung right across Europe, for he had bought big guns in Britain, and had bought the help of Europeans in organizing his vast hordes of fighting men.

I do not know what happened in other lonely outposts at this particular time. But I should not be in the least surprised to learn that others had been undermined and that other garrisons had been similarly spirited away. Imagine the possibilities along the whole chain of these

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forts of the Moroccan frontier! It should be remembered that Abd-el-Krim's campaign on this occasion was conducted along the whole frontier right down to Spanish Morocco. Think of the splendor of a scheme for undermining forts along the whole front!

Whether such attempts were made upon other forts, it is impossible for me to say. Such facts are hidden away in the French records.

All I know is that Abd-el-Krim spent enormous sums in a gigantic effort to rid Morocco, once for all, of the infidels. We had evidences of this everywhere we went—in the big guns and ammunition we captured, and in the expert engineering of the fortifications that we came upon from time to time.

Therefore it had not seemed to me a foolish idea that there should be some secret way in and out of the fort at Ammasine. Discussing this experience on many an occasion afterward with McCann, he did not agree with my reasoning. He argued that, even if the garrison had been spirited away so as to leave no trace, it could have been done from without the fort itself. They could have been attacked in overwhelming numbers and the dead and wounded carried away. After which the whole fort could have been cleaned up to give it that air of mystery which had brooded over it when we arrived.

The possibility occurred to me, of course. But as soon as I began to examine it, I realized how faulty it was. In the first place, the garrison would not be beaten so quickly by an attack outside the fort that they had not time to communicate with Fez. All our experience showed that it would take several days to capture such a fort, however big the invading army, and during that time the news would have been passed on to the headquarters at Fez and a relief column would have been sent out. A small fort manned by a handful of men can be held for a long time, providing the defenders are well supplied with water, rations, and ammunition.

Next Week—

THE SANTA CLAUS of FOUR CORNERS
by
JAMES HOPPER

An unusual story of a bandit's redemption

GERMANY'S GREAT OLD MAN
by
PRINCESS RADZIWILL

A portrait of von Hindenburg and what will happen when he dies

No. There must be a secret way into the fort. I set myself the job of finding it. And I succeeded. That was the great thing. To picture the rest was not a very difficult matter. Riffs, like their countrymen the Arabs, can move about as silently as cats. There was no doubt that a number of them had made their way to the magazine room of the fort, had overpowered the guard, and had then changed into the dead Legionnaires' uniforms. After that there would be a quick dispatch of the sentries on the fort walls—a swift, silent stabbing of unwary backs. Then the crowding up of more and more Riffs by way of the magazine room, and the remainder of the garrison would be taken before they were properly awake. That would not have proved so gigantic a task for cunning Riffs, even if they had had a full company of Legionnaires with whom to deal.

FROM that date onward, throughout the whole of my career in the Legion, Captain Dupont was continually pestering me to take a noncommissioned rank, and I as persistently refused. He bullied me, ragged me, brutally ill-treated me, kept up a perpetual barrage of invective and abuse, all with the sole object of forcing me to realize how much better a time I should have in the Legion if I were a corporal.

He could never understand why I continued stupidly to refuse promotion, and I never told him the truth. Had I done so, he would have found another servant and treated me henceforth as an imbecile.

The reason why I refused promotion is not far to seek. All noncommissioned officers of the Legion, besides holding rank equivalent to commissioned officers in the British army, have to be experts in the art of flogging. I am not in the least sentimental when I say I am an Englishman, and could not possibly have learned to flog men as they were flogged in the Legion. It wasn't because I had not the stomach to do it. I had—in those days. But I could not undertake such work because of the inhuman and brutal way it was carried out. To talk of flogging is to bring to the average man a picture of a man stripped to the waist, his hands tied to a whipping post, and another man wielding a salted whip until the exposed skin is lacerated with wounds.

In the Legion a flogging meant much more than that. It meant a peculiar handling of the whip, so that it curved through the air and tore, not merely at the back of a victim, but at more susceptible parts. If there is such a thing as cultured flagellation, then the N. C. Os. of the French Foreign Legion—and the officers too—are certainly cultured in the bestial system. I was as brutal as many another Legionnaire, I have no doubt, since it is a life that brings the very worst out of a man; but I am English, and I could not learn to flog a man so that with every stroke there was the possibility of ruining his physical structure for life!

CAPTAIN DUPONT, after a conference with his officers, decided to place a strong guard with machine guns at the tunnel's mouth. The whole length of it, right up through the magazine room to the headquarters of the fort, was wired and a field telephone fixed up at each end. The plan of campaign was to work the tunnel mouth simultaneously with the operations in the fort above. McCann and I were posted with the party at the tunnel exit, and I was in charge of the telephone.

Realizing that the Riffs were only waiting for an opportunity to attack by way of the underground passage, and so surprise the new force as they had the old, the Skipper speedily got to work. Every man was posted for duty, fully armed, and the new garrison of 250 men waited in high glee for the Riffs to make their surprise attack. It was a fatal blunder, as will be seen later. But at the time we were chuckling at the thought of how we were to surprise the enemy who had planned so well and worked so hard to surprise us! It was to be a turning of the tables with a vengeance.

The Riffs were apparently in no hurry. No doubt they imagined their scheme secure, and that being so, it would be a good plan to allow the new garrison to settle in, give them the impression that the Ammasine zone was quiet and peaceful, and thus make the secret maneuver doubly certain.

Our wait was a lengthy one. All night long Captain Dupont, who was with the men in the fort above, was continually sending messages of inquiry. But there was nothing to report. The Riffs in the valley beyond the mountain ridge remained quiet. Dawn came, and still no movement on the part of the enemy. We knew they would not advance during daylight. The long wait rather took the edge off our anticipations of the surprise we were to spring. The band of watchers at the tunnel mouth were relieved, but McCann and I continued to take duty in turns at the telephone. Captain Dupont came down to investigate personally. He was by this time fuming with impatience.

He insisted upon McCann and myself remaining at the telephone post for another night, and remarked in his own inimitably brutal fashion that since we had found the subterranean passage we might well be left in charge of it.

However, it was felt that this coming night would see a definite move on the part of the enemy, and we began the silent night guard with renewed anticipations. They were justified. Toward midnight we saw the slow, stealthy moving shapes advancing toward us. As far as we could see, only a small band had moved out from the encampment. On they came, slowly, cautiously, their bellies to the ground.

"Come on, you cursed tiger cats!" McCann growled.

I was at the telephone, reporting their every movement. As the band of crawling men drew nearer, nearer, we noticed that another band had started out from the camp in exactly the same manner.

With my eyes on the moving ghostly shapes, I kept up a running commentary into the phone mouthpiece:

"First group about eight hundred yards away. Still moving, but slowly. Advancing in good order. Second group now well out of encampment. Moving at same rate as first group. Another party left the camp. Advancing slowly and in same order. First party now seven hundred yards away. Three groups moving in column order. Second and third parties closing in a little. Another band of Riffs leaving encampment. Advancing in same order. Four parties now advancing. First party within six hundred yards. . . ."

And all the time I was receiving the message:

"Garde! Garde! Garde! Garde!"

We were fuming with impatience by this time, especially McCann and I, who had been on the stretch more than twenty-four hours. The Skipper, of course, wanted as many Riffs out as possible; wanted them to get right on top of us before we opened fire on them. But as we watched the enemy draw nearer, almost within hailing distance, it seemed to me he was cutting it rather fine, though we dared not fire without the order.

By this time more and more parties had left the encampment, until the plains below us seemed to be a mass of moving shapes, crawling along like animals, ready to spring at any moment.

It was then that their movements needed a lot of watching. Finally I was reporting the perambulations of a dozen different groups. They would make such easy targets! We could not miss them, and we itched to make a start, to spill death into them with the machine guns.

How the stealthy assailants were welcomed, how "ten thousand devils" stormed the fort under shell fire from siege guns, how at the critical moment a relief column appeared, and how rescuers and rescued beat a fighting retreat against odds of three hundred to one—these are a few high lights of next week's installment of Hell Hounds! It also sees McCann and Legionnaire 1384 at loggerheads over a pair of bright eyes in "the Pit," and it speeds them on their way to Syria to face the Jebel Druses, "the most ferocious people on earth."

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where is Christmas Island?

2—Who wrote "Tears from the depths of some divine despair"?

3—What is another name for the Gordon lily of Australia?

4—How far was a Sabbath-day's journey?

5—What is kipskin?

6—Who coined the phrase "rift within the lute"?

7—Who wrote "The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators"?

8—Roughly speaking, how much larger is the Pacific Ocean than the Atlantic?

9—What city is called the "Bride of the Sea"?

10—Who is the patron saint of Scotland?

11—What is a zax?

12—What is tilth?

13—Where do the Druses live?

14—Who was the oldest President to be inaugurated?

15—From what was the name of the cloth calico derived?

16—What brewer founded a woman's college?

17—What great American said, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace"?

18—What and where is Adam's Bridge?

19—What was the name of the dwarf Tom Thumb, made famous by P. T. Barnum?

20—What small European country contains the headwaters of four large rivers?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

QUESTION—What two factors in cod-liver oil help to build good general resistance? (*See page 45 for answer*)

★

DRAFTS
WET FEET
RAW WINDS
OVERHEATED ROOMS

If your RESISTANCE is LOW you have good reason to worry about them . . . .

THERE are times when you can't sit in a draft or get your feet wet without serious after effects. The slightest exposure results in common winter ills.

You may be susceptible because your resistance is low!

Begin now to build it up! Take *Squibb Adex Tablets-10D.*

They provide the important factor which helps to build good general resistance—Vitamin A.

Every Adex Tablet is as rich in Vitamin A as *one-half teaspoonful* of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil.

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Best of all, Squibb Adex Tablets are chocolate coated, easy to swallow. You'll find them pleasant to take!

Let them help you have a healthier, more comfortable winter! Begin to take them now. *And keep it up every single day!* Get them at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

The vitamins of cod-liver oil in a pleasant new form

★

Hollywood Goes SPANISH

(*Reading time: 6 minutes 28 seconds.*)

HOLLYWOOD is looking forward to an epidemic of bullfighting pictures. This may or may not be an outgrowth of the current popularity of Ernest Hemingway's decadent glorification of the toreador, Death in the Afternoon. At least it indicates a further growth of the screen. Bullfighting has been barred in the films. When the late Rudolph Valentino killed his bull in Blood and Sand, half of America cut these scenes.

The talkies, however, have stepped over a good many old-fashioned barriers. Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn bullfighter who deftly dispatches a bull in Eddie Cantor's The Kid from Spain, may be Hollywood's next star. Anyway, in preparation for whatever may be in store for him, Mr. Franklin has had his face remade at a Hollywood hospital. The surgeons have given him a camera-proof profile and he is awaiting stardom's call.

Ann Harding and Richard Dix as they appear in a scene in The Conquerors.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ The Kid from Spain

Eddie Cantor, as a timid, goggle-eyed matador, outwits a maddened bull when he tosses a chloroform-saturated towel over his horns.

Cantor, according to the musical-comedy formula, has posed as a bullfighter and he has to make good. All this is performed before the decorative background of seventy-six of the prettiest girls obtainable in a town glutted with beauty.

Lyda Roberti lends some personable assistance, and an outstanding interlude is introduced by the aforementioned Sidney Franklin, who dances about just out of reach of a charging bull, finally disposing of the animal with expertness.

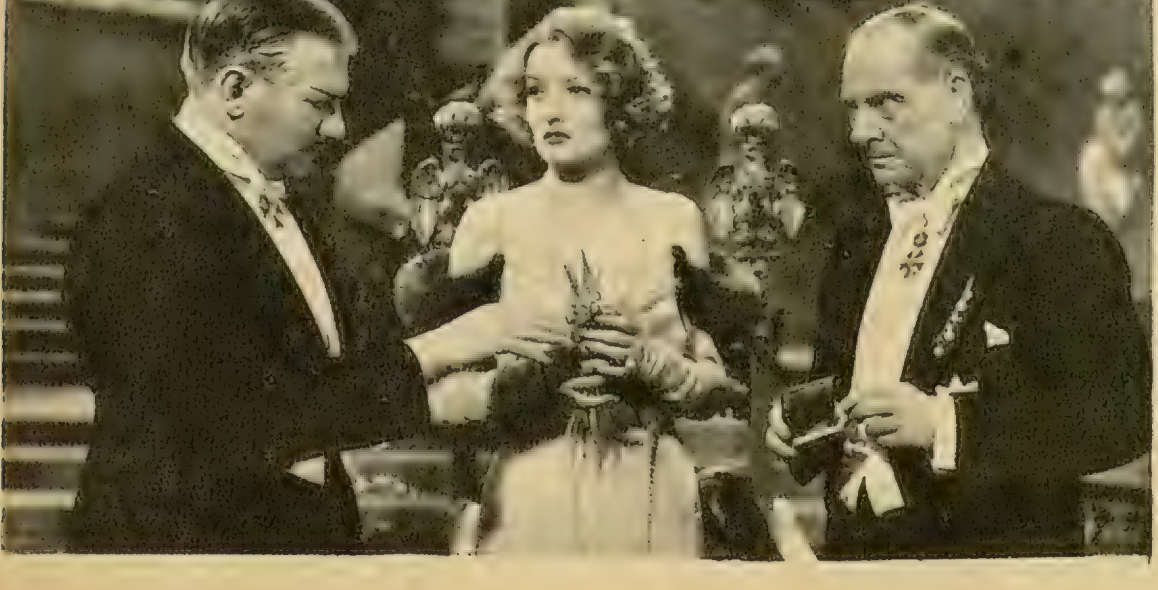
The music is mild, the chorus evolutions are intriguing, the comedy is a little too long for a feature-length picture. Eddie himself has been a lot funnier in past celluloid performances.

★ ★ ½ The Conquerors

This panorama of American banking almost busts its galluses trying to be an epic. The producers started out to film a successor to that successful pioneer drama Cimarron, and, naturally enough, failed.

The Conquerors glorifies the great American depression. In fact, it presents three depressions, starting back in the '70s and including the present ornate crisis. The daughter of a New York banker, broken by the first depression, marries a penniless young bank clerk and the two go West. Out in rugged Nebraska they start a bank and grow up with the country. Depressions come and go, their fortunes fall and rise. The message of the picture is that America always comes back.

The Conquerors is given a lavish production. Richard Dix, as the bank



Secrets of the French Police is another sinister-motif picture. The photograph shows Gregory Ratoff, Gwili André, and Arnold Karloff.

Eddie Cantor in a Bullfight Comedy; a Banking Picture, an Old Favorite, and a Shocker . . . . .

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Eddie Cantor—shown with Lyda Roberti—displays something new in bullfighting in The Kid from Spain, when, instead of using a sword, he stabs his animal with a chloroform-soaked towel.

clerk who grows to be a millionaire granddaddy, loans money to himself as his son. In brief, he plays both rôles in trick photography. Ann Harding seems to me miscast as the hardy heroine who dies watching the Fifth Avenue Armistice Parade and the safe return of her son from the war. To me, Guy Kibbee steals the acting honors as the drunken, happy-go-lucky pioneer doctor of Fort Allen, Nebraska.

★ ★ TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY

The wistful, brave little heroine of Grace Miller White's story of life as it never was seems considerably outmoded in this new version. Mary Pickford, you will remember, twice played Tess Howland silently.

Tess lives with her father, an old sea captain, in a shore-front squatters' settlement. They are dispossessed by the rich owner of the property, but the wealthy man's son falls in love with the little girl. The romance runs into some tough breaks, for the captain's little girl shields her sweetheart's sister when she has a baby out of wedlock and thereby takes the blame for the child.

Old-fashioned stuff, but the combination of Janet Gaynor as the sacrificing Tess and Charles Farrell as the son of the crotchety old plutocrat will give this new version its healthy share of popularity.

★ ★ SECRETS OF THE FRENCH POLICE

As a Paris flower girl, Gwili André is the tortured victim of a wicked half-Oriental hypnotist who forces her into a masquerade as a long-lost princess of the Romanovs. The scoundrel hopes to convince the Russian *émigrés* and obtain the large fortune of the late Czar.

The villain has a novel way of disposing of his victims. He covers them with plaster and stands them, as statues, around his *atelier*. There are many moments when Miss André seems destined to become really a statue. Despite all her beauty, she is pretty cold and unsympathetic.

Like many other would-be shockers, Secrets of the French Police outsinisters itself. In other words, it borders upon being funny.

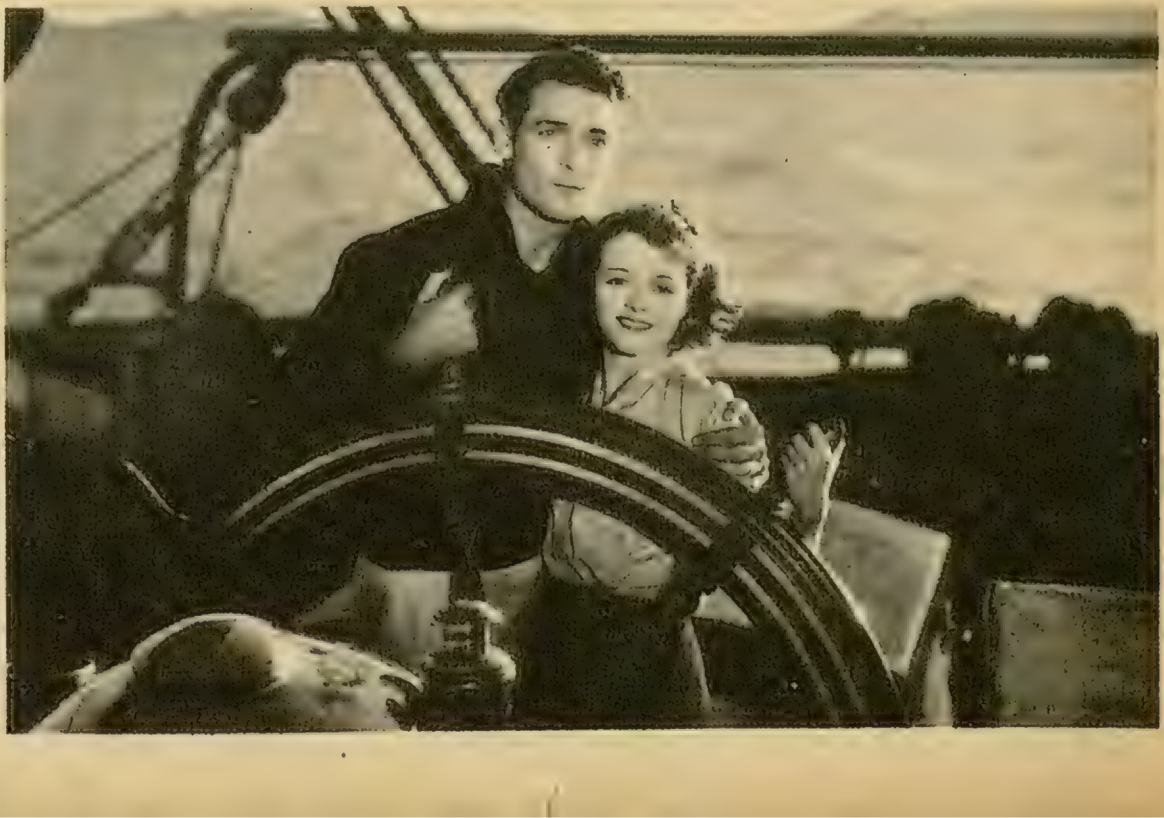
Do you know that—

Charles Laughton, having completed work as Nero in Cecil De Mille's The Sign of the Cross, is returning to London?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past six months

★★★★—Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

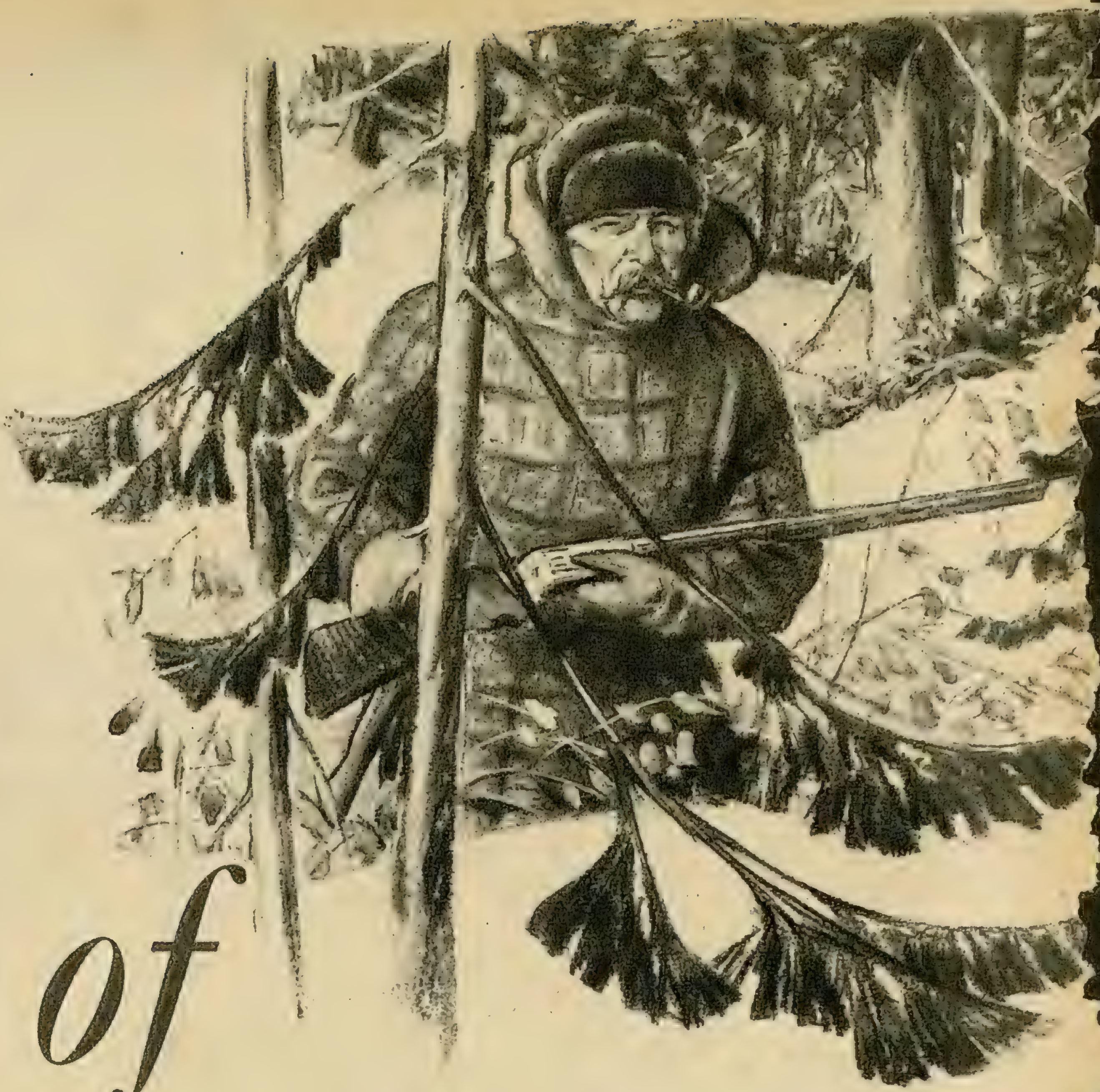
★★★—Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me.



Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in the leading roles, inject new appeal into that old romantic favorite, Tess of the Storm Country.

By
PAUL ANNIXTER

Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



The Call of CHRISTMAS

A Story of Divine Justice in the Wilderness

(Reading time: 27 minutes 5 seconds.)

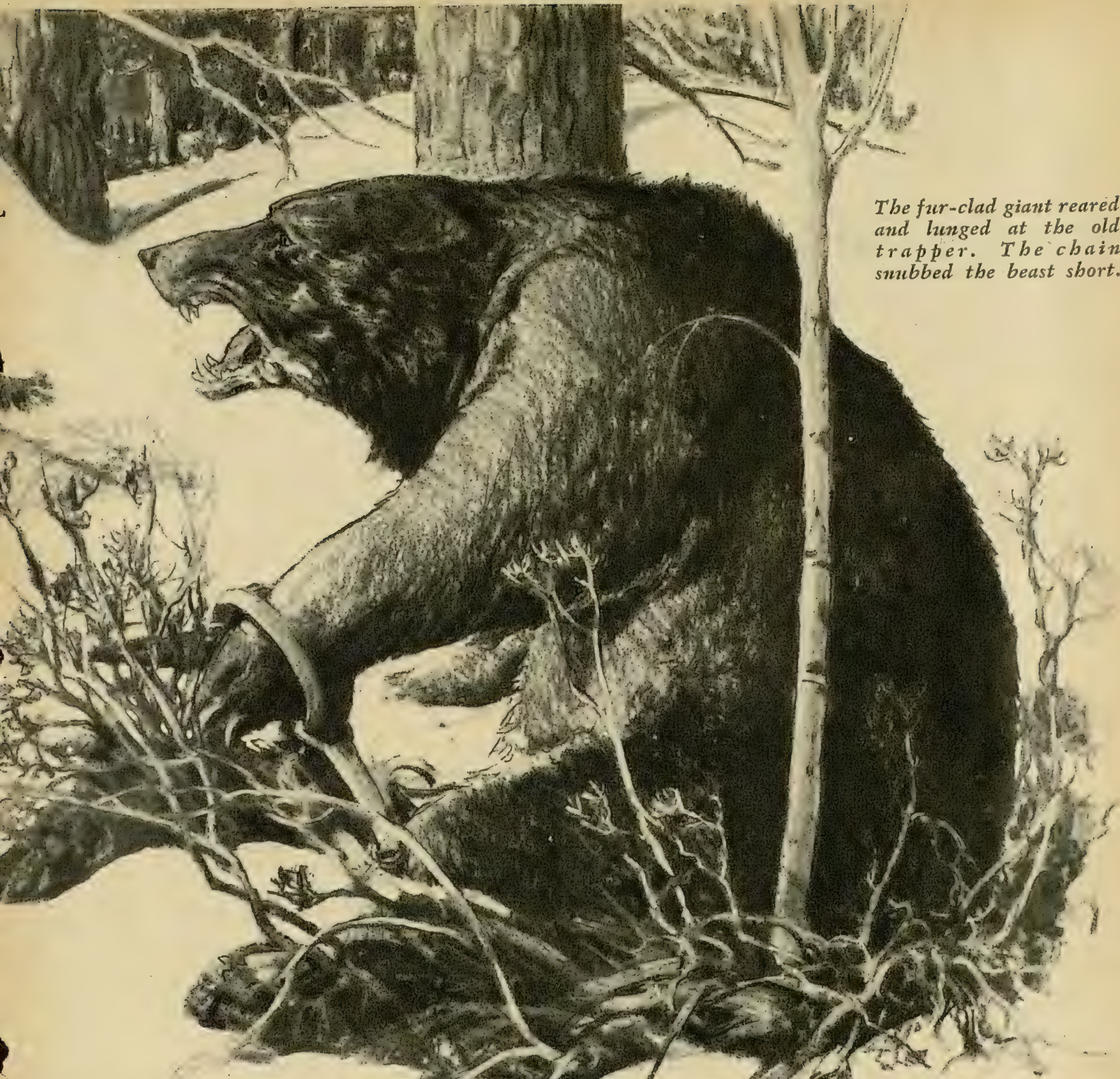
THERE it was again. Those little voices talking up. Always when he made the long north loop of his trap line, that kept him four full days and nights in the woods, it got him like this. Worse lately. Out here in the thick spruce the silence was more than silence—it was like a spell. There were caves of gloom and stillness in here that seemed never to have stirred since the beginning of time. Old Tim Withrow had played it solitaire before, but not on the upper Jack Pine. He wasn't built for the likes of this. No, never no more.

Old Tim was heartsick and soul-hungry. He was dying to hear a noise he wanted: to tuck the hearty sound of a human voice in his ear; just to swap a string of words with someone—no matter who-all. My Crimus! To sit down across table, stump, or grocery counter for twenty minutes, say, and talk, just clap-clap with even a coffee-coolin' schoolmarm—that was all Tim asked! Let her wind up proper and run down, then ask her about it all over again. But above all Tim was dying to turn words into conversation with big Joe Peters for an hour.

Good old Joe Pete, who had been Tim's partner for three years. Hived up over in Banion for the winter, Pete was, because he'd come down with flu-pneumonia in the fall and the doc wouldn't let him hit the long trails. Helping Hill Beachey a bit in the general store, Pete was, and moping. Call that a job for a six-foot-two, hell-cussing, husky, hairy, ham-handed son of a he-man with a voice like a foghorn, who owned a half interest in this virgin stream of theirs on the upper Jack Pine?

This afternoon, coming in from the north loop, Tim had come to a blasphemous decision on all that. Dying to clap a hand on Joe Pete he'd been for three months past, and, by the jumped-up jimmy-jams, he'd do that little thing before next snowfall! Seventy-eight miles it was to Banion, but he'd make it *poco pronto*, with the shoeing like it was. Trek all night if need be. Just a day and a half trottin' trip, that, for a young man under sixty.

December was nearing an end. The biggest snows of the year were on their way, and after they came he'd be holed up for keeps till spring let him out; but right now he could follow the Jack Pine up to its source and fight his way up over the spine of Sawtooth, then drop down the east slope to Banion. The traps could lie for a week. Tim was leaving them all sprung as he went now, that



The fur-clad giant reared and lunged at the old trapper. The chain snubbed the beast short.

no small fur-bearers might slowly die by freezing in their clutch. He'd had enough of this for one spell—aye.

He could get over Sawtooth if he started at once, and if he had luck get back again before heavy weather set in. But even if he didn't get back, it was worth it. He'd had a whale of a season so far; the critters had been plain fool-crazy to take Tim's traps and deadfalls—up to a few days back, at least. Tim had around fifteen hundred dollars' worth of pelts drying now in the lean-to back of the cabin—half of it Pete's—so they had fair stakes come spring if he never got back. Besides, he reasoned artfully, he'd be able to pack back a lot of truck he really needed—tin cow and more eatin' tobacco and a bit of that synthetic sirup they served in the Wheat Stack Restaurant. And get a bit of news. God knew what had been brewing since he'd been outside. Maybe his country was at war, in a close-to maybe with this Yellow Peril they talked of!

With luck he'd make it in time for Christmas Day in Banion. What a day they'd make of it, by the crippled criminy! If it wasn't for the mountain that lay between, he'd bring Joe Pete back with him—sled him in if need be, and look after him like a nurse, and it'd be a long-come-short before they'd get him away again, too. But of course they could sleep him a few nights where Pete was staying, and that would help.

Tim was sucking avidly at his dead pipe as he tramped, what with the flood of old scenes with Pete—and scenes to come—that trooped his mind. Then he snubbed himself short abruptly.

"You'll be blattin' to yourself like a sheep-herdin' coot, Tim Withrow, if ye don't make tracks for Sawtooth."

Then he halted abruptly on the brow of a knoll.

Down below in a brush-lined hollow was sudden movement. A great dark shape upreared a moment and sank back again, low startling sounds following hard upon it, between a bawl and a roar, a registry of elemental pain.

Already Tim was hastening downgrade. He remembered that trap well—the single bear set he had planted along his line after having twice come across the trail of

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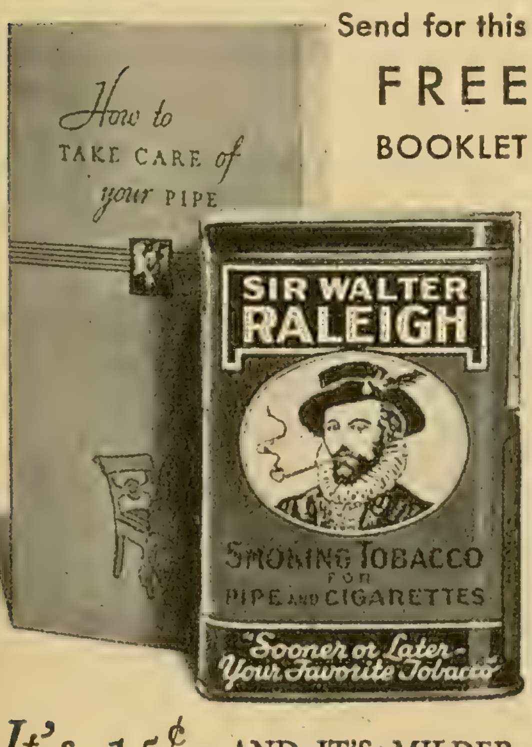
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a lone bear upon his range. And now of all times he'd pinched the toes of the only bear that was wintering on the Jack Pine, just when he was hell-bent to get over the Sawtooth.

He was looking down at the captive now, wallowing in a pocket amid the brush and bellowing low in wrath and pain. An old male, and a big fellow too. It was only the solitary, ill-tempered old males, Tim knew, that braved the cold and privation of a northern winter in the open. For after the first heavy snows there is no hope of a herbivorous diet, and if the game be scarce they are doomed to wander the snows till spring, gaunt, sleepless, and half starved. This one, by the look of its slab sides and sunken reddish little eyes, had already suffered greatly. The trap had clamped about its right foreleg and the monster was alternately lunging against the chain and turning its yellowed fangs upon the steel.

In usual course Tim would have ended the bear's struggles straightway with a merciful bullet. Now he hesitated, in a quandary. If he killed the bear he'd be bound by thrift and duty to salvage the pelt; for Tim never killed wantonly. But that would take a heap of time, and with Pete and Christmas calling him across the range, Tim wasn't waiting to skin anything, not even a black fox. Neither could he leave the bear in the trap. In spite of the apparent cruelty of his calling, Tim possessed the tenderest of hearts and had a paradoxical love for all the wild things on which he made a living.

Just here the bear made out Tim standing amid the bushes. There was a harsh *cough-cough* as the fur-clad giant reared upon his hind legs and lunged at the old trapper. The chain snubbed the beast short.

IN the lunging struggle that ensued Tim noted suddenly that the heavy chain had become wedged in the crevice of a frost-split boulder close to the trap and that the bear, with but a foot of play to the chain, was putting forth his great strength in a manner exactly calculated to wedge it tighter still. An idea flashed abruptly to Tim's mind.

Dropping his pack, he broke off a dead tree limb near by and cautiously mounted the other side of the rock on which the chain had snubbed. The end of the long bracket that clamped the jaws of the trap was also wedged in the crack of the rock. Waiting his chance, Tim placed the end of his heavy branch on the bracket and pushed down with all his strength. The spring bent downward slowly and the jaws of the big trap fell apart. Before the bear had time to realize that he was actually free, Tim had climbed to the lower branches of a near-by pine and sat chuckling as he watched the brute's dull amazement.

For a space the animal worked off its wrath by battering the trap about and splintering and rending the dead branch Tim had dropped almost into his jaws. Abruptly then its wrathful reddish little eyes found the man, and it squatted, growling fiercely, at the base of the tree. Then it made off through the forest.

Old Tim grinned as he watched him out of sight. His loss had been little either in time or money; and the thought of it somehow answered the holiday spirit that was growing in him.

He got into his webs again and swung on through the darkening aisles of the woods toward his cabin. There was a dull ache to the leaden sky that told of coming snow, but Tim's weather nose told him it was yet some time away. If he started for Banion by dawn he'd make it all right.

THE alarm had Tim out before gray streaks next morning. He stuck his head outside. The sky was still heavy, but no snow yet. Far up toward Sawtooth he heard the faint howl of a lone wolf. The wind had veered toward the south.

Within a half hour Tim was on the trail, a small pack of grub and blankets nicely balanced on the flat of his shoulders, matches and eatin' tobacco in easy reach, his lightest rifle in his hand.

The cold was intense, but that was nothing to a young man under sixty. It made the going better. The dry snow hissed and rang beneath his skimming webs.

The going grew steep and steeper. Toward mid-forenoon a bit of snow began to fall. Nothing in that unless the wind went on shifting. It didn't. The snow continued, soft and light. Tim heard the lone wolf call he'd caught at dawn—nearer now—coming from somewhere in a dense spruce valley up ahead. For five or six seconds silence reigned; then there came an answering wail, not of one wolf but a chorus of many.

So there was a wolf pack on the upper Jack Pine this winter. It had been five years, come February, since Tim had heard that devils' chorus. They'd drifted in over the north slopes of the mountains, he guessed, and that accounted for the abrupt scarcity of game he'd been noticing the past week.

Presently he came out on the open ridges that led up Sawtooth, where the winds kept the snow crusted and glassy. He removed his webs the better to negotiate the upgrade. Carrying them under one arm, he pressed on across the wind-swept drifts. Let him have all today without a storm and he had that eighty miles faded all right. Yes ma'am, he could travel a few yet, he could. He'd get into Banion on Christmas Eve instead of Christmas Day, like he'd planned, if he shoed till dark tonight and made another big push next day. He could hear now the whoop of delight Big Chief would let out at sight of him.

Trust Big Chief to know where to lay hand on a bottle or two. Then the two of them would forgather. They wouldn't sleep any that night. Just sit in a huddle and talk each other deaf, dumb, and blind.

What a bucko mate Big Chief had been those three years! Always doing his share of the cooking and wood-chopping, and a little bit more. And when it came to packing he'd slip an extra thirty pounds into his own load, knowing Tim was older and not so strong.

Visions of other days must have turned Tim's sight inward for a space. At any rate, just there his two feet went out from under him on the icy surface of the snow. Instinctively as he fell he released his grip on his snowshoes and rifle and cast himself flat on the hard crust. But at that point there wasn't a single outcrop to cling to, and Tim went tobogganing down a five-hundred-yard slope as steep as a house roof. The top of a dead-pine stub stopped him momentarily, but a rotten branch broke off in his hand. He brought up finally amid a pile of débris far below in the valley bottom. For a minute he lay there, dizzy and half dazed.

Then dull shooting pains that ran through his right leg made him sit up, and he saw the full extent of his predicament. His rifle and snowshoes had disappeared somewhere in a deep brush-choked cañon below. Tim shuddered as he saw how close he had come to following them. Still, things couldn't be much worse; for on straightening his leg the throbbing pain in his tendons ran up to his hip. With bated breath he seized a dangling spruce limb and pulled himself upright, heart pounding with tension. The moment he put his weight on his right leg it doubled beneath him—the throbbing pain, centralized in his knee, telling that it had been severely wrenched.

A GROAN broke from Tim. Right there his whole trek over Sawtooth and his Christmas with Joe Pete went glimmering. Not to see Pete this season, after all! Oh ——!

If he made it back to his cabin now, it was the best he could do; and first he must recover his snowshoes and rifle. Several miles of drifts lay between him and home, and much of it would not support his weight without the shoes.

Shock and disappointment seemed to have numbed the very roots of his will; the fangs of the frost had bitten deep before he rallied himself for what was next to be done. Breasting through deep drifts, he began working his way along the gully rim, seeking a way down, groaning at the pains that shot up his leg at each movement. Before he had gone forty feet he had to stop and administer first aid. Twenty minutes later, with the aid of his clasp knife and a buckskin thong, he had completed a rude brace of heavy bark strips for his injured knee that would help bear his weight when he stepped on it.

Presently he found a break in the cliff that would let him down to the cañon bottom, then floundered back to the spot where his snowshoes showed half buried. For a quarter

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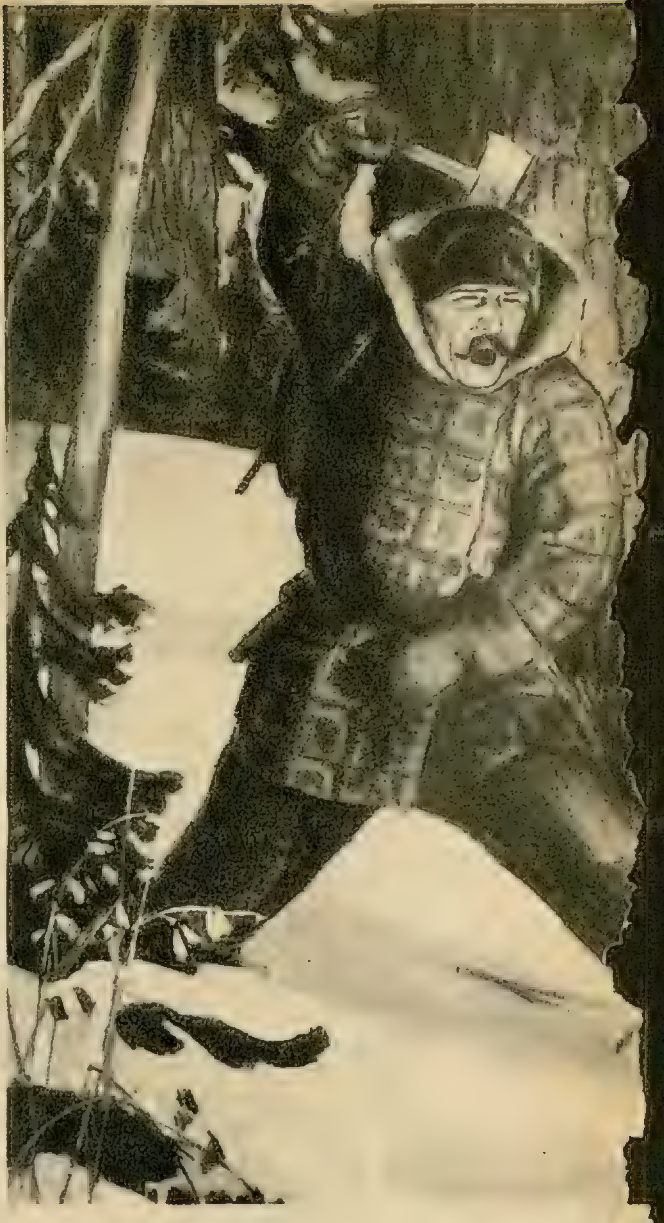
of an hour thereafter he searched and dug painfully here and there for his belt rifle, to no avail. The weapon had sunk past finding in the loose powdery drifts.

Tim gave up the hunt. The growing cold and his pain were weakening him. He would need all he had to make it back to the cabin. A bit light-headed from the effort of fastening on his webs, he struck out, limping painfully, down the gully, a tightness constricting his throat and chest at the thought that every step, every moment now, was taking him farther from Pete and Christmas. Progress became a battle every foot. The weight of the snowshoes brought added twinges of pain licking up his leg, telling heavily on his strength. He had to wallow out of his course time after time, seeking the clearest, levelest paths. But his will gradually stiffened to the task.

Gorr a'mighty, what a mess had come of his being a bit hind-sighted for half a second and stepping on that bit of loose crust! And this day was to have taken him over halfway to Banion. Hope and buoyancy had died in him. He hadn't words organized to say what he thought of himself; just swore and wiped wet eyes. No chance now to see Banion till spring; and worse than that, he was going to be laid up a week or so at the shack with this leg of his—held from his traps and Pete alike. He didn't even know how he'd manage to cook and keep fire. Some Christmas—blast the low-down luck of a web-footed Chinee!

He didn't know how much later it was when something caused him to glance up just in time to glimpse a dark low form gliding among the trees above and to his right. A mere flash; then it was gone. A skulking wolf, Tim guessed, but it gave him a slight stir of uneasiness as he pressed on. He was well out of the cañon some five minutes later when a long-drawn howl issued from the dark pines in the rear. Once more the howl sounded, answered from another point in the distance. Tim let out a whooping shout. The noise ceased abruptly, and he stood looking back for a space, then started on with a slight shiver.

WAVERING, dragging his webs in growing weakness, he was crossing an open glade five hundred yards farther when the hunting cry of the wolves broke out again, louder and closer, a sense of impending calamity borne with it on the wings of the wind above the forest. And a minute later Tim, halting to look back, saw two dark forms appear among the trees at the far side of the open space. It was then that he knew that the wheel of things had certainly slipped into reverse for him; that the wilderness gods which had always smiled on him were bent on smiting him down. Speech, lurid and wrathful, broke from him. "A hunting pack. It's my trail they're on an' nothin' else. An' me with only a hatchet!"

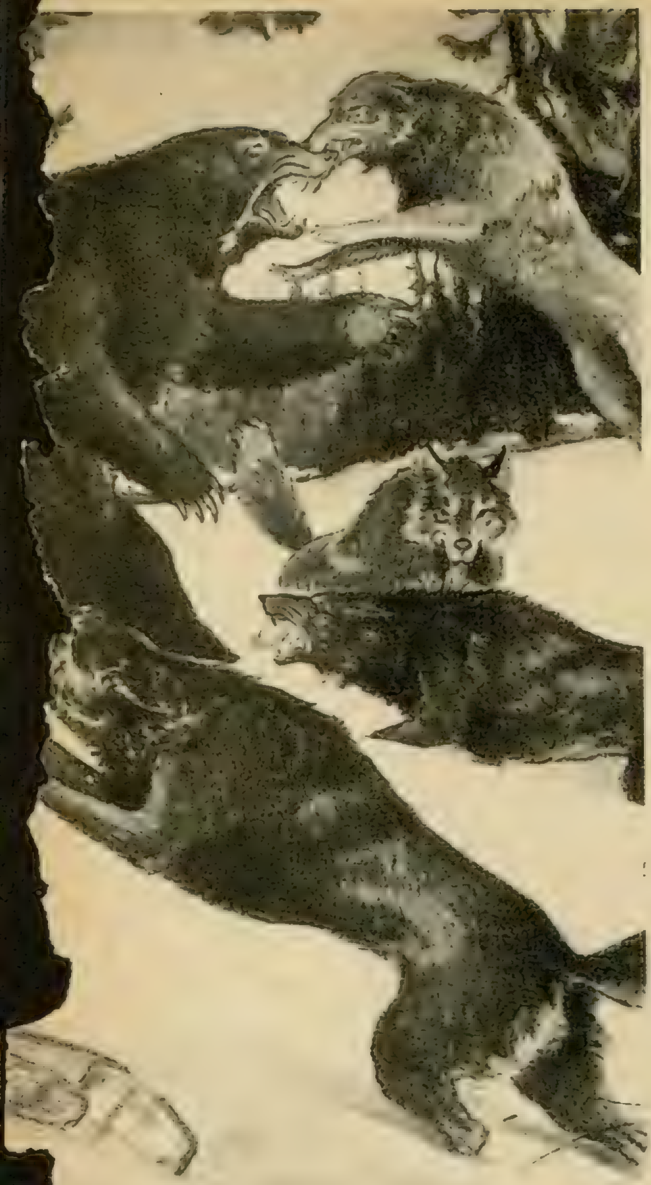


The maddened pack fell upon ma

As he stood waiting confirmation of his fears he made out no less than seven of the savage killers among the trees. Somehow, he felt, they had sensed his helplessness already, with that sharp, almost satanic cunning of their kind. No hurry about their tactics. He saw them weaving in and out among the shadows, their pale straw-colored eyes aflame. Fierce and half starved, they would hang to his trail indefinitely, he knew, though they had yet to nerve themselves for attack on the one thing in the woods they feared. Tim loosed his belt hatchet and started forward again, conscious of the circling pack drawing in a bit closer.

Actual fear began to lay hold of Tim. He knew exactly what he was up against. The pack would grow gradually bolder and fiercer as time passed; and finally, inevitably, would come their concerted attack. It would be a fight then—such a fight as he'd never put up before; and with a bad leg and no firearm it could have but one ending. Even if he took to a tree, it couldn't be for long. The frost would get him.

His bad leg dragged now as he hitched his aching body through the drifts, hatchet swinging, always with an eye cocked to the rear. The rods seemed miles, but he kept going, going, going—fighting down pain, ready on the moment to meet a swift, furtive rush of the enemy. His eyes became dull-brown lightless wells from exhaustion, but he'd stick it out.



nd bear in a ravening gray tide.

"Stick her out—stick—her—out," he muttered in a husky whisper.

And then—

Old Tim had just broken out of the thickets upon a fresh trail—his own trail of the early morning. As he did so his heart leaped within him as it had never leaped before. For there, not a hundred feet ahead of him, what looked like a great dark boulder was advancing upon him.

It was the shaggy form of the bear he had freed from his trap the previous day. The beast's back was humped with the speed and vigor of his shambling pace, his muzzle held close to Tim's trail. It needed no imagination to perceive that the familiar scent of the trail, combined no doubt with the gnaw of pain and hunger, had flung the beast into a ferocious killing temper. If he had heard the baying of the wolves from this direction, he was either so savage or so confident in his powers as to disregard the fact.

Old Tim stood stark and motionless, watching its advance, at the end of his rope, caught in one of those nightmare predicaments of which he had sometimes dreamed, yet sought to discredit in his unuttered prayers. Just then the full-voiced chorus of the wolves broke out again beyond the fringe of the trees, their call interspersed now with short high yaps that to Tim's ears represented the cry of triumph of the wild that was conquering him at last. Here and there a glimpse of gleaming fangs and drooping tails marked the lean gliding length of the killers; swift impressions of lolling tongues and slavering jaws and the glint of lambent eyes glowing in the shadows, full of the lust of rapine and death. They were gathering about in a phantom circle. Tim gripped his hatchet and backed toward a near-by tree, casting a swift glance aloft. Too big to climb—branches too high—even if he had a climb left in him.

Seemingly oblivious heretofore of the wolves, the bear now halted abruptly as his little reddish eyes made them out. Then a low bawling note of anger issued from deep down in his paunch at sight of the man whom scent and memory still linked with his suffering of yesterday, and he came on, scarce twenty feet away now, uprisen on his hind legs like a gaunt specter of vengeance. Old Tim, swinging his puny weapon, backed away before him, keeping his eyes on the monster as the greater of two dangers.

SUDDENLY, like a gray streak and with no warning, one of the wolves, a huge lean beast, came lunging at Tim from the rear in long, silent springs. Straight for the man's back he leaped, fangs bared. But somehow Tim had felt the danger, and wheeled in the nick of time, swinging his hatchet in a short vicious upward sweep. It caught the gray devil full upon the lower jaw and sheared through it. A gurgling blood-choked cry broke from the killer's throat as he fell backward, struggling and twitching in the deep snow.

Venting strident wild-Indian yells and brandishing his weapon to intimidate his attackers, Tim continued to keep just ahead of the bear, making toward a low-limbed spruce in a final desperate effort. The bear was but a dozen feet away. Nothing but a miracle, he saw, could save him now. And then, within the turn of a second, the miracle befell.

The maddened pack, their appetites fired to reckless frenzy by the smell of their companion's blood, suddenly swept forward in a compact mass. Quite possibly they fancied they were being robbed of their rightful prey; for they fell upon man and bear alike in a ravening gray tide. Two of them sprang at old Tim. The other five—for the wolf with the broken jaw was back in it by now—surrounded the bear amid a bedlam of worrying snarls, coughs, and bellows, the snoring intake of breaths through teeth, and the horrid click of snapping fangs.

Close quarters now! Old Tim's hatchet flashed through the air a second time, his sure aim inflicting a deep shoulder cut on the foremost wolf that hurled him yelping from the fight.

As his second assailant circled nimbly and warily about him, Tim glanced about, and his heart gave a mighty surge at what he saw. He had stood between two deaths. Now, by a weird shuffling of chance, his opponents were at one another's

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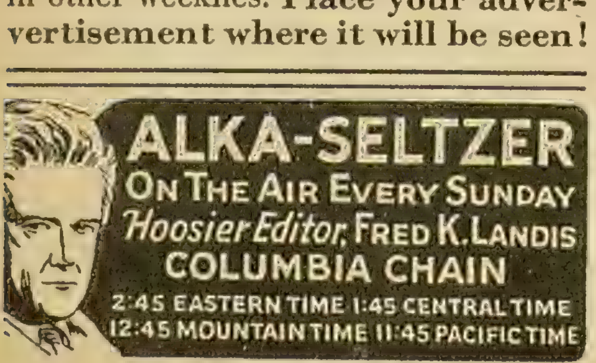

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throats. But to Tim, with his primitive, elementary sense of justice, it represented much more than that.

Yesterday he had given life and liberty to a black bear. Now, by the undeviating law that makes the weaker beast food for the stronger, the dead tree compost for the living, the bear was unwittingly repaying his score. And what a battle it was! What a tale he would have—if he lived to get out of this—to relate to Joe Pete and the hangers-on in Banion: of how he and a black bear had fought side by side against a pack of wolves and wiped the critters out!

It was a heaving, swaying inferno now in the dimness beneath the great spruce. Twice Tim saw the bear flung from its feet and submerged by the combined rush of wolves from the sides and rear; but with his great weight and strength the beast could no more be pinned down by those lean fighters than a battering-ram. As he shook free of them and rose on his hind legs, something like a gray cloth flapping wildly in the wind hung pendent from the monster's muzzle. It was the leader of the wolf pack, who had secured a snout hold in the scrimmage and was hanging on like a leech, suspended by his jaws as the bear coughed and shook itself. Then two great paws clutched the gray beast, fumbled with it a moment like a man undoing a bundle, and flung it broken and howling over the heads of its companions.

Old Tim let out an exultant whoop at the sight—but broke off with a gasp of pain. His guard had dropped for an instant, and the wolf that had been circling him had sprung in and fastened on his leg. A sweeping downward blow of his hatchet clove the brute's skull, and without a sound it dropped, kicking its life out at the man's feet.

WATCHING keenly the surging, snarling mêlée that centered about the bear, Tim stepped over the body and cautiously approached. He saw that the ancient hate that exists between the bear and wolf clans was at work. The fury of both sides had been aroused to such a pitch that all else was forgotten save the lust for slaughter. Tim might have made good his escape now unnoticed, but no such thought entered his head. Carried off his feet at sight of the splendid battle the bear was putting up, he had forgotten his own danger utterly. An eternal sense of the balance and justice of things leagued him on the side of this benefactor whose appearance had undoubtedly saved his life, and his keen eye was alert for a chance to deal a telling blow against the pack.

Once more his hatchet descended, a deliberate and well placed blow that unclamped the jaws of one big gray beast that clung to the bear's shoulder. Its body slipped beneath the feet of the fighters, and Tim emitted another yip of triumph that drew the narrow green orbs of the other wolves upon him. He was preparing to repeat his attack when the battle abruptly ended. Relieved of the hampering weight of the fallen wolf, the bear rose upright once more, freeing himself of his three remaining tormentors with a couple of full-armed blows that sent one of them spinning a dozen feet with long red gashes showing along the whole length of his gray coat. Turning for another flank attack, the brutes suddenly realized their desperate plight at sight of their own dead and dying, and their hearts turned to water. For a minute more they continued to circle about with a half-hearted show of attack; then the wounded animal turned tail and slunk into the woods, its companions following.

THE silence that followed their departure was abrupt and absolute. Bloodstained and panting, his trousers ragged, eyes still glowing with battle light, old Tim stood facing the bear once more, at a distance of fifteen feet. Raising his gaunt and bleeding head, the bear sat up and stared defiantly back at this original enemy of his, still miraculously standing there facing him. The reddish glow of his malevolent little eyes flamed anew. If Tim were looking for further trouble he was quite obviously ready to give it to him. Then the low but startling sound of the man's voice caught the animal in its tracks.

"Easy, easy, ol'-timer," came Tim's soothing drawl. "That was a whoppin' good fight you put up an' no mistake. Yessir, we stood 'em off together, son, an' licked 'em for fair—but don't you go spoilin' it all by crawlin' my hump now. There's grub a-plenty all around ye an' that's what you're a-needin'. A dried-up old codger like me won't do you no good."

The beast moved forward irresolutely. Then the battle light wavered and waned in its eyes, its low growling subsided, as the warm fresh scent of blood rose strongly to its nostrils. Moving to the carcass of the nearest wolf, he fell upon it and began then and there making up for the weeks of cold and starvation he had endured.

Unnoticed, old Tim turned and went limping away among the trees. The wind, he noted, had shifted around to the south and the air was getting warmer. Over the silent forest peace had descended again; but to old Tim, with his acute imagination of an outdoor mystic, it was much more than that. Balance had been restored according to wilderness code—debts paid. Tim fancied he could almost see now those grim powers of adversity which the wolves had embodied drawing back in grave defeat.

It wasn't till now that Tim realized how near done he was. The strain and tension of what he'd been through had taken away what little steam he'd had left. Pain flooded over him again in a dark wave as he hitched his aching body at ant's pace through the drifts. Chin on breast, teeth tight over groans, he hobbled on—on—on. Lines like knife cuts stood around his mouth; but, each time he seemed to have reached the end of will, pain stabbed him to an added fury of effort. Day was about over, he saw. Twilight was coming.

Then Tim knew all at once that the cloud of darkness enveloping the forest was not before his eyes but in his head. He rallied again; held deathly still until only a stupor remained in which his senses seemed to steep. Then he pressed on until he died again. . . .

It wasn't till he stumbled and fell at the edge of his own clearing that Tim recognized his whereabouts, and then he fancied he was daft. Real twilight had fallen now, and through it Tim made out the dark outline of the shack—and in the middle of it a square of yellow light that was the single north window. Had he strayed twenty-thirty miles off course, or was some sneakin' fur thief in the shack? He loosed a cracked and rusty shout, stumbled and sprawled again.

Then through fog and earthquake he heard a booming voice yelling, felt himself plucked up and carried bodily through the open door of the shack. From his own bunk he peered up into a bearded face he knew.

"OLD Pete! What in time—?"

"Sure; no ghost. I come through yesterday round the south pass of Sawtooth, Tim. Rode most of the way with a fur buyer from Banion. The doc he cut up scandalous, but my lung's a heap better and I couldn't mope away Christmas back there with you up here alone. Got in about noon. Figured you was out on the line, so I pried open the door and started cookin'. Fetched us a reg'lar bird for Christmas dinner, ol'-timer—"

Tim's fevered brain was buzzing.

"An' me—I was headin' up over Sawtooth to see you, Pete, when I crocked a knee, an' the wolves jumped me, an' a old bear come along an' fought 'em for me. . . . I'll tell ye all about it later, start to finish."

"But you—up on Sawtooth! If you'd gone on over we'd 'a' missed each other—"

"An' with a storm coming up I'd not seen you till spring, like 'as not. Here, let's get the feel of ye again. You'll stick now till spring, won't you, Pete?"

"Let 'em try an' pry me out! I'll be fitter'n you by the first of the year. An' I brought a deck o' cards. We'll settle that poker champeenship—"

"Easy on that leg, young-timer—"

"You should 'a' seen the doc worryin' about me. 'May be the death o' ye,' s'e; an' I says, 'Better die decent out in the pass than in back o' Beachey's store—'"

"Holy, bow-legged, bat-eyed catfish—"

They said everything twice for good measure. The cabin rang with delighted oaths and laughter and Old Tim mixed a tear or two with the tide as the little demons of silence and loneliness fled into the night.

THE END

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A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By RICHARD STALLINGS

Pictures by
B. LATHAM KIDDER

The Story of a Forgotten Prisoner and a Girl Who Fell into a Trap

Certain Romantic Possibilities

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE Count Cardinal de Maubéron lay awake in the great bedchamber of his château, Maubéron-sur-Loire, whither his physician had ordered him in retirement from Paris. All the candles had been extinguished. His eyes were fixed upon the ceiling where the reflection from a lantern in the courtyard below, shining through the thin stuff of the curtain, formed a rectangle of light. It was like, very like a barred window, a barred prison window.

He sighed, and turned away to go to sleep. He was getting no better here than in Paris. He had present here in the country the same worries that tormented him at the court. It was about his nephew, the heir to his secular title and estates, the Vicomte de Rastignac, or rather about the vicomtesse, his wife; for Gaston de Rastignac, after being a thorn in his Eminence's flesh with his profligacy and extravagance, had mended remarkably and become quite a temperate and circumspect young gentleman. Having thus reformed, his uncle had been at no end of pains to have him recoup by a brilliant marriage what he had wasted. He had indeed got him to wife, much against that young lady's inclination, the Princess Tania, the niece of old Petrov, the Russian ambassador. She had millions, and this neat little bit of intrigue had cost the Cardinal the appointment of four bishops.

But, as if that spirited young lady had deliberately set to work to defeat the Cardinal's ends, when she took her place in society she set a pace of extravagance never dreamed of by her reformed husband. The *fêtes champêtres* she gave when in the country, inviting the court, rivaled those of Versailles. And when she was in Paris she gambled like one possessed, and always with one result. All of her liquid capital had gone, and her Russian estates were heavily mortgaged. Her latest debts had been defrayed from his Eminence's treasury.

Tania was charming, of course she was charming, and the Cardinal liked her, but he would have liked her related to someone else. He had summoned her, or rather invited her, to lighten the ennui of his retirement for a few days at Maubéron-sur-Loire, and intended to talk to her seriously. That evening she had arrived, and she had rallied him and pouted at his disagreeableness. It would be no good—none.

He turned once more to settle himself for sleep. His eyes were again caught by the rectangle of light on the ceiling. Like a prison window. He half raised himself and tugged at the bell cord. Vassier, his valet, came in.

"Vassier, is there anyone in the prisons here?"

Vassier seemed startled at the question.

"I do not know, your Eminence."

"Go and inquire of someone, Vassier, and come back here."

In a few minutes Vassier returned.

"There is one, your Eminence. His name is Philippe d'Arnault."

"Er—ah—by what means was he brought here?"

"A *lettre de cachet* granted your Eminence by the King."

"Bring him here to me now." And, as Vassier turned to go, "How long has he been here?"

"Three years."

The Cardinal lapsed into thought, seeking hard to remember, and not a little puzzled at his sudden interest in the matter.

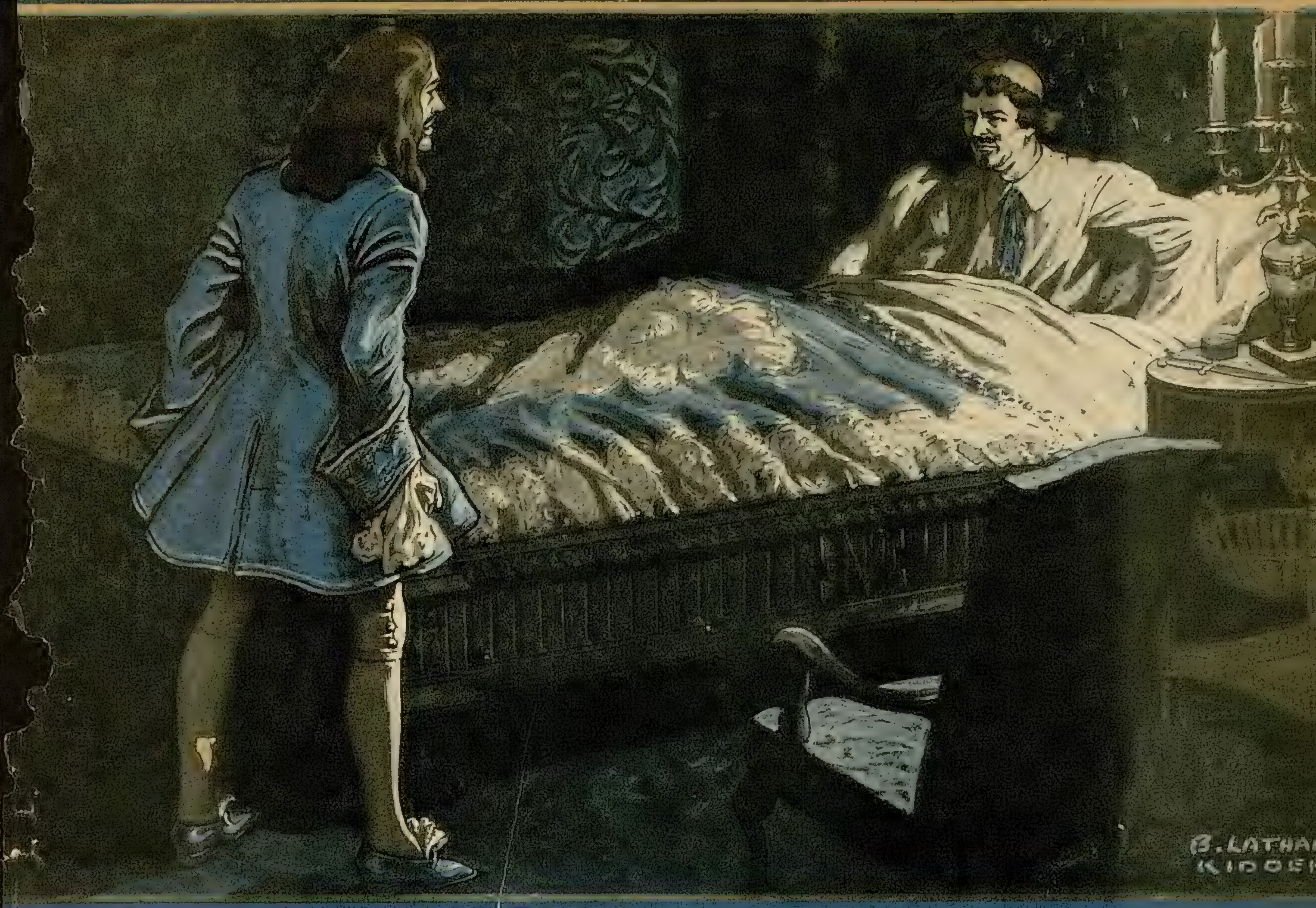
Shortly, Vassier, opening the door, stood aside to allow a tall man, followed by two guardsmen, to enter. At a sign from the Cardinal, Vassier lit a single candle on the *table de nuit* by the bed. The Cardinal told his men to leave them, then, turning to d'Arnault, asked him to be seated. The other, ignoring the invitation, remained standing, glaring down upon the Cardinal with ferocity.

"You are d'Arnault?" the Cardinal asked.

"The Baron Philippe d'Arnault."

It was embarrassing to ask a man, a gentleman, whom one has held in prison for three years, why he was imprisoned.

"You might, perhaps, avail yourself of this opportunity to present your case," suggested the Cardinal.



"I might avail myself of this opportunity to cut your throat," answered d'Arnault.

"I might, perhaps, avail myself of this opportunity to cut your throat," answered d'Arnault with cool ferocity

"I am sure you would regret it."

"What do you want of me?" asked d'Arnault with impatience.

"I was thinking you might be released."

"Then your precious nephew has married Tania, and you struck a bargain with old Petrov?"

"Ah!"—and the Cardinal immediately strove with a cough to cover his exclamation. "And if you were released, *monsieur le baron?*"

"My first endeavor would be to widow the lady."

"Your spirit, though doubtless admirable, ill urges your case. Are you quite positive that the Princess Tania Vasilianov loved *you?*"

"You know she loved me—and still does," the prisoner added uncertainly.

The Cardinal leaned forward toward d'Arnault. "Do you know that lady is here now," pointing to the ceiling, "in the apartment just above us?"

D'ARNAULT'S muscles grew tense; he made a movement, then hesitated, and sank into the chair that had some time ago been offered him.

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked in quick, angry tones.

"Because I myself might have loved if I had chosen a different career; at least, I can understand your feelings, and can sympathize with you. I think I am not mistaken in believing that a spirited young man like yourself, if released, would attempt to recover the prize he had lost." The Cardinal's eyes, sparkling with amusement, or benevolence maybe, rested for a minute on those of his guest; then he continued: "However, the rash means you mentioned just now would be painful to me; besides, de Rastignac is a fellow of sufficient courage himself, and no mean swordsman."

"You advise—"

"I advise nothing. That is, we shan't put it that way. I believe that Tania, with whom I talked this evening, is unhappy. It seems to be the regrettable fact that she and my nephew are unsuited to one another. Too bad! You haven't seen her for—well—some time. My word upon it, she is much more beautiful than ever."

He paused a moment, then continued:

"Well, if out of an excess of kindness of heart, or wickedness, I should relieve you of the duress of my hospitality, you have the advantage of propinquity, a romantic entrance, and a moonlit night."

D'Arnault drew his breath sharply, and lifting his eyes, fixed them upon the ceiling as one who would look through it.

"Yes, she is there, and I dare say at this moment letting down her golden hair, and dreaming of—well, dreaming." The Cardinal sighed. "You see, I have it in my power to make your happiness."

"You want me to—"

"I want you to do nothing," interrupted the Cardinal de Maubéron. "I merely suggested certain romantic possibilities."

"With charming precision," replied d'Arnault.

"Only I should like to be assured that my niece's passion for you is as—shall we say lawless, as it has been lasting; that is, that in the eventuality I have suggested to you, she will go with you."

"Tania will come with me," said d'Arnault in hurried low tones.

"You are certain?" breathed the Cardinal.

"I am."

"As the author of this little romance, there are certain details I think I have the right to insist on in the production. You will seek no quarrel with de Rastignac. He may seek one with you, but not if I can help it. And you will leave France."

"I am ready."

"Hm. Well, there will be no servants or guards in your path. I shall have my carriage wait for you in the courtyard and, emblazoned with my arms, you will be able to pass the *octroi* without delay. You will go to Paris and present a letter together with a parcel from me to the King. There you will be furnished with passports for you and—your companion, and a commission for yourself at the court of Madrid."

The Cardinal tugged at the bell cord.

"I don't presume to suggest your technique, but one thing I shall insist upon."

"What is that?"

"That you most particularly impress upon her how angry I shall be when I learn of it."

D'Arnault laughed. "I promise it."

Then the Cardinal turned to Vassier, who had come in. "Get me my dressing gown, then have my carriage brought into the courtyard at once; and tell the guards to go below for a while."

Vassier disappeared, returning immediately with a violet dressing gown which he assisted his master into, and then went out to execute his orders.

The Cardinal rose, and going to a cabinet took down an object in a long shagreen case which he wrapped in a silk scarf and handed to d'Arnault.

"This you will hand personally to the King, together with the letter I shall give you."

Lighting a candle upon his desk, he took a sheet of paper surmounted by his crest, and began writing:

To HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Sire,—This will be handed to you by the Baron Philippe d'Arnault, whom I have every reason to recommend to your Majesty's good graces.

I am improving in health here in the country, but I have not been idle, as your Majesty shall see. For weeks I have been ransacking every village in the province on the scent of a flageolet of the type your Majesty has so long desired for his collection. Finally at great expense, which I do not count, and after no end of persuasion, yesterday I got one. I beg your Majesty will accept it with my respectful duty.

RICHARD STALLINGS, the author of this story, was born in Mississippi in 1900, graduated from the University of Virginia, and has since been teaching Romance languages. His special weakness, he confesses, is for his pit bull terrier, whose name is Moll Flanders.

The Baron d'Arnault is likewise the bearer of the flageolet, which comes in its original case.

With this musical ambassador to predispose your Majesty to kindness, I would ask a favor. Might your Majesty see fit to recommend the Baron d'Arnault to your Majesty's sister, the Queen of Spain, for the post which is vacant as the captain of her Majesty's guard?

Your Majesty's servant, DE MAUBÉRON.

WITH a profound sigh the Cardinal attached his seal and folded the letter. He was deeply sorrowful at parting with the flageolet. For five years it had been the gem of his collection.

Rising and turning to d'Arnault with a bow, he presented the letter.

"Remember that if you fail I shall ask you to remain with me a while longer."

"I had guessed that."

The Cardinal extended his hand to d'Arnault. "Then good-by."

D'Arnault took his hand and bowed. His Eminence preceded him to the door which he opened for him.

"The stair is on the left. Above, yours is the first door to the left. You will have to go through an antechamber. The same stair leads down into the court. Again, good-by. I have enjoyed a delightful conversation with you."

"Adieu, your Eminence." And d'Arnault disappeared into the darkness of the corridor.

When the Cardinal had closed the door he rang again for Vassier. When his valet came in he said to him: "Vassier, have the coach wait at the far end of the court, and off the cobbles so I shan't be able to hear the wheels on the stones. Have two of the guards wait in the embrasure of the chapel, well out of sight. If Monsieur le Baron d'Arnault descends alone, he is to be returned to the tower; if he is accompanied, you will let him enter the carriage and give the coachman his orders. Tell the men to stay on the box. You yourself will open the carriage door."

"Yes, your Eminence."

"Then as soon as the carriage has gone you will return here to me."

In the high vaulted corridor outside the Cardinal's chamber d'Arnault paused, trying hard to guess just what was the Cardinal's game. Slowly he ascended the staircase.

The first door to the left! Softly he opened it. The room was empty and dark, but a faint band of light on the floor indicated the presence of a door to an adjacent room. He went to it on tiptoe, his heart thumping loudly, and laid his hand on the latch. Noiselessly he swung it slightly open and stepped in. In the far corner of the great chamber he saw her lying on a couch, her head propped up by a little mound of pillows, reading by the light of a candelabrum on a small table at her side. A white robe of some clinging silken stuff, open at the throat, revealingly modeled the outline of her figure to her ankles, that were crossed, one foot in a green morocco *babouche*, the other uncovered. The heavy braids of her hair fell over her shoulders. Her face, in the shadow of the book she was reading, he could not see, but her white arms gleamed in the candlelight. D'Arnault drew in his breath sharply, color mounting to his pale cheeks. The only other light in the room was a guttering candle that burned by the high, curtained bed in the alcove, its covers turned back.

AS if sensing a presence in the room, she looked up and, puckering her brows, peered into the shadows by the door; then, descrying the dim figure of a man in the doorway, she quickly rose, clutching her robe about her.

"Who is there?" she called in even but excited tones.

D'Arnault stepped from the shadows, and crossing to the heavy carved oaken table that stood between them, placing his hands on it, leaned across and looked into her startled eyes.

"Philippe!"

At the sound of his name he was around the table, and seizing her furiously in his arms, kissed her shoulders, throat, and lips. Just once he paused to hold her at arm's length and look at her. Then, "Tania," he murmured, and held her close, his lips in the edge of her hair. At length she drew away, and sat upon the couch.

"Philippe! You!" she repeated incredulously as he sat down beside her. Then taking his head between her slender hands she looked long at him. "You are still so handsome." She laughed. "It is queer to be saying that you are *still* handsome, but it seems such a very long time ago." She sat very erect and looked at him.

"You are so pale, Philippe. Where—where have you been these past three years?"

"You do not know?"

"I knew nothing until one day, when it was too late, the Chevalier de Marsay hinted to me that you were imprisoned."

"And did you guess why? By whom?"

"I was afraid it was to keep you from me, as they knew what was between us."

"And which you apparently forgot."

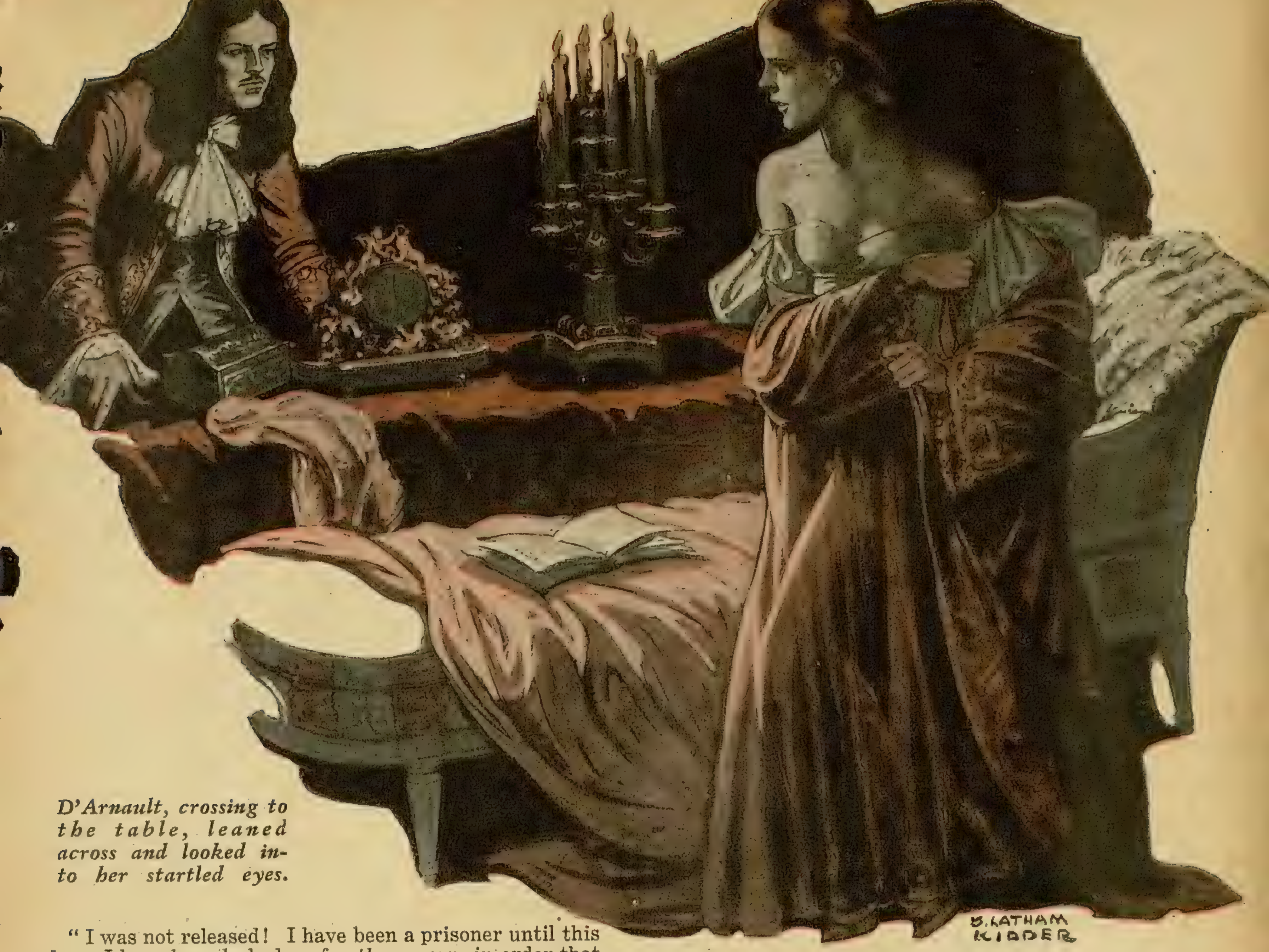
"I have not forgot. I cannot forget that. But you did not come. I was told you had gone with Monsieur de Frontenac to America. They made it very wretched for me. I faced the prospect of being sent into a convent. No word came to me from you—"

"Then you accepted de Rastignac?"

"Rather our respective designing uncles brought us to accept one another." She was silent for a moment. "And then when I pressed de Marsay to tell me what had become of you, and he hinted at what had happened, I wept a very great deal. Later, as I knew you must have been released as soon as I was married, I think I was piqued that you did not return to me."

"And if I had?" asked d'Arnault eagerly.

"How can I say what might have been?" Tania smiled evasively. "But you did not."



D'Arnault, crossing to the table, leaned across and looked into her startled eyes.

"I was not released! I have been a prisoner until this day. I have been locked up for *three years* in order that you, who were mine, might be given to another. Now I have come—"

"Ah, poor Philippe!" Tania interrupted him hurriedly. "I did not know. And they held you this long?"

"I have not been freed. I—escaped," he lied, "and I have come for you."

"You risked breaking into this château! You know that my uncle, the Cardinal, is here? It was he, was it not, who had you imprisoned?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. I admire and despise my dear uncle. I dare say he has completely forgotten he ever had you thrown in prison."

"He will be reminded of it. Tania, I have come to take you away—" D'Arnault paused to look at her. She said nothing. "Do you still love me?" he asked in a very low tone.

TANIA remained a long time silent, looking at him. "I don't know," she said at length. "Yes, I have always loved you. I mean that the girl I was then has gone on loving you as you were that long time ago. But it has been a long time. So much has happened. There is so much of me, so much of my life that you have not been a part of. That cannot be undone, and it makes us almost strangers. I do not mean that we are old—I am twenty-five, and you, perhaps, thirty. *Enfin*, Philippe, I do not know, which is an admission, maybe, that things are not, cannot be the same. But just now, when I saw you standing there, I had that same little smothered feeling here"—she placed a hand on her bosom—"that I used to have when I saw you coming. And I shall certainly be wanting you to kiss me again in a very few minutes."

D'Arnault took her, yielding, in his arms and kissed her. "Ah, *ma mie*, I love you! You do love me! Come with me and things will be as they were. You will forget these three years, and I will not think of them, if you have loved only me."

"I have not loved any other."

"Then come away with me."

"No, Philippe. It is my disillusioned opinion that romance is of too delicate a stuff, like the *vol-au-vent* of the Cardinal's chef, to be warmed over."

"But it is not—like that, if you have always loved me—if you still do."

"I am not sure, Philippe."

"When I kissed you just now, how did you feel?" he asked triumphantly.

"One does not ask important decisions of a drunken man. I will decide nothing while you are kissing me—except—that you may do so again."

"Was it any different from the kisses I gave you before?" he insisted.

"Yes. I felt that you kissed me as if you sensed that someone else had done so too."

"Tania!"

"That again is disagreeable. But you would always remember it."

"Tania, I have been held within four stone walls for three years, and through the barred windows I could see nothing but the same little plot of grass bounded by trees, and a square of sky! There was my universe—nothing outside it but you. I have thought of you all that time, and waited. Now—you must love me. I cannot have cheated myself like that!"

"You loved me all that time, but it was the Tania you left. One cannot stay what one was; one passes on."

"Come with me now." D'Arnault kissed her again. "I have not much time, and I am mad with the sight of you—your lips—"

Tania freed herself. "*Soit,* I do love you. There! But what you ask me is impossible. I am Madame de Rastignac. I must go on being that. It has been a very foolish, tiresome sort of life. When Gaston, not very eager to begin with, saw that I did not care for him, he returned to his unostentatious, discreet affair with Madame de Groslay-Valmard. It must be a very sincere attachment, for he has deceived me with her with touching constancy. And he has been properly grateful for my tacit consent. I have madly dissipated practically everything I own, or so my steward tells me, and my uncle, the Prince Petrov, in endless letters in which he calls me this and that, and my eminent uncle below stairs. The only one who has said nothing is Gaston. I am tired of it, and would have stopped it long ago but that it seems so painfully to upset the Cardinal. Last month he had to pay six hundred thousand livres out of his treasury for me. Some day, when the devil takes him off, I shall be the Comtesse de Maubéron. Some day I may take a lover. The world has made me a realist, while your confinement has fostered your romanticism."

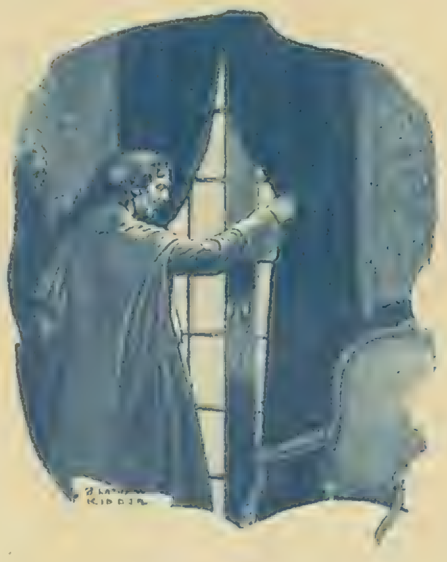
"Even the lover you would take out of ennui and in conformity with a decadent convention," he taunted.

"I am beginning to think I shall not take one. He might be cross and disagreeable and not very amusing," she answered, her eyes mocking him.

D'Arnault walked to the window and, drawing aside the curtain, looked out into the night. "Come here," he called to her, and when she had joined him he put his arm about her waist and drew her into the embrasure.

"Do you remember the nights when you used to slip out to me after everyone had gone to bed, and we would walk under the great lime trees in the park at Blois"—Tania laid her head in the hollow of his shoulder—"down to the dry fountain where we sat and watched the stars, and you would shiver at the cry of the *chat-huant?* I would like to take you now out into the cool freshness of those shadows. Over there lies the road to Paris," he said, stretching out his arm. "We could ride all night under the stars and reach the court at dawn. I would take you far away—to Italy, to Spain—"

Tania moved away slowly, her eyes opaque with dreams, and after a while, very softly, as one not yet returned from far places—"No, Philippe. Is it not nice here also? Be quiet a little while." She returned to him and, placing her hands on his shoulders, smiled up at him with a wistful effort at gayety. "A *gitana* fortune teller once said I should take a lover from the South. Perhaps a Gascon? No?"



D'ARNAULT drew away from her angrily. "No! I do not want the surreptitious, uneasy love of an hour."

"I know it is not what you—we dreamed. It is not right. But it is what I can offer, because I love you. I am sorry it is not enough."

"Tania, come with me," he implored.

"No. And I will not let you take me to that window again. I am afraid of the lunar madness," and she moved away. "Come sit here by me," she said, sitting upon the couch.

But d'Arnault remained in the shadows by the window. "I cannot remain here longer. I shall have to go. Can you tell me again that after waiting these years I must go alone?"

"Philippe, I cannot."

"Please," he begged.

"It is impossible."

"Then, Tania, it is adieu?" he said, coming to take a place beside her.

"Only if you wish it. I hope not."

"It will have to be," he said, taking her hands. "I dare not stay in Paris. It hurts rather frightfully that you no longer love me enough to come, and I am doubly unhappy when I think I shall miss my revenge upon de Maubéron."

"Revenge?"

"By taking you away."

"Oh, I don't think he would mind that."

"I had pictured his impotent rage."

"You think—"

"He would have an apoplexy!" d'Arnault interrupted, as if he were actually witnessing the scene. "He would be in a towering fury!"

"But, Philippe, you must be wrong. Now I am ruined," she said, her interest aroused.

"Most of your landed estate is entailed. That is left. And then, if you came away with me, he would lose his powerful influence at the court at Moscow."

"I wonder—" she said absently.

"But worst of all for him would be the shame of having been tricked."

"How I should like to see him made ridiculous," Tania murmured.

"Then, too, he is proud of your brilliant position at the court; a little vain of your wit and beauty."

"WHY do you say so, Philippe? What makes you think he sets so much store by me?"

"If he was not afraid of losing you, why has he held me prisoner after your marriage? About a year ago I managed to escape for a day," he improvised, "and de Marsay told me that he shook as if he had a fever when he heard of it, and dispatched two companies of his guards to surround the park of your château in the country."

"He did that?" Tania asked eagerly.

"Yes." He rose and walked to the window. "Look!" he said. Tania came to his side. "Do you see? Out there, just in the shadow of the gateway?"

"A coach!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, the Cardinal's coach, emblazoned with his arms. It had been my fancy to take you away in his own coach."

"Philippe!"

He took her in his arms again. "*Adieu, mignonne; adieu, ma mie.*"

"You are not going now?"

"I must."

"But if we went away, would he not pursue us?"

"I have powerful influence at the court of Madrid. There we would have been safe." He moved to go. "Farewell, sweetheart."

"You are abandoning me?" she asked with a look of distress.

"Since you will not come with me."

"But—"

"Come with me!"

"Ah, he would be furious," she said as if thinking aloud. "I will go, Philippe, *chéri.* Stand there by the window while I dress, and keep looking at the stars, my astronomer."

. . . . .

When Vassier had gone the Cardinal had paced slowly up and down the room, now and then pausing to look out of the window into the court. After about an hour, he paused longer at the window, and drew the curtains slightly aside. Below him in the courtyard, illuminated by the moonlight, he saw two figures, one the heavily cloaked figure of a woman, cross toward the shadows of the arched gateway leading into the park. He watched them, without moving, until they disappeared. Then, continuing gazing out into the night, "You precious old romanticist," he said to himself, smiling.

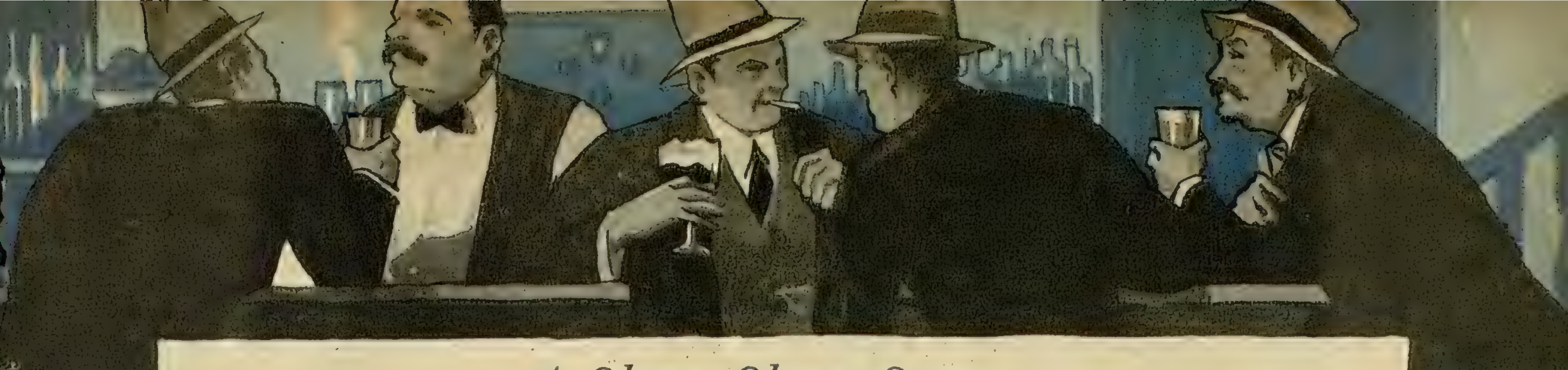
He turned to Vassier, who had returned and waited, standing at his bedside.

"You remember the post you asked me about for your son, as head gardener of my villa at Versailles? He may have it. But you are to forget, to the last unimportant detail, whatever you may have seen here tonight."

"It is already forgotten, and I am eternally obliged to your Eminence."

The Cardinal lay for some time smiling up at the rectangular patch of light on the ceiling; then, settling himself comfortably among the pillows, he fell into a profound and peaceful sleep.

THE END



A Short Short Story

One *on the* House

(*Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.*)

By

CAROL FRINK

BIG Matt Foley had a taste for practical joking. He had a way of concealing a die behind his large, flabby ear, and deftly catching it as he shook the box, delighting and amazing his slightly befuddled customers by tossing six dice on the bar where only five had been before. He kept a gin bottle partly filled with water in which floated a small celluloid doll. He argued that if one blew vigorously through a glass tube inserted in the bottle's cork the doll could be made to sink to the bottom. When the line at the bar had taken turns blowing themselves thirsty, Matt would take the bottle in his hamlike hands and with a few gentle puffs would make the exhausted bar-flies feel like fools by firmly sinking the doll. He never told the customers it was the pressure of his hands, not the blowing, that accomplished the trick.

But the gag that entranced him most was the new gadget he had just rigged up to the loudspeaker of his radio. Matt had gone to no end of trouble to make it perfect. He had concealed a wire leading from the radio on the bar to the closet where his extra gin was cached, and here, at a microphone, he would do his own broadcasting.

He was especially good on police calls. He could imitate the voice of the operator at headquarters so perfectly that a copper wouldn't have known the difference. His success had been instantaneous. One of his best customers had streaked out into the cold without stopping for hat or overcoat when Matt had sandwiched a burglary at the victim's residence in between two legitimate calls.

Flushed with victory, Matt waited with impatience for young Bob Murphy, who stopped in every night with his wired-haired for a couple of snorts before going to bed. Bob was the one he was out to get. He was a wise guy—he had guessed the doll trick—and Matt was anxious to get even.

But tonight Bob was later than usual, and there was no cheery kidding greeting for Matt as he strode in and dropped a suitcase next to the bar.

"Wha's a matter?" grinned Matt, setting a bottle and glass down. "Leavin' your wife?"

Bob poured himself an unethically large drink—beyond the white mark—and, ignoring the salutations of the boys with whom he had a casual drinking acquaintance, downed it without a chaser. After several even larger and more rapid ones he began to talk:

"You said it, Matt. Women make me sick!"

"Oh, they're all right," murmured Matt, who rather liked a pretty face at the bar, if the dame didn't get too loud. "You got a pretty fine little woman—"

"Oh, yeah?" said Bob, on his sixth drink. "Well, le' me tell you, Matt, you don't know a damn' thing about it. Me an' May had a hell of a row tonight jus' over me not gettin' home in time f'r supper. Y' could 'a' heard her holler as far as the fire house. 'N' I'm through with the whole business. Told her I was leavin', 'n' I am."

"'S too bad," consoled Matt. "An' you on'y married—what is it, five months?"

"Six," muttered Bob. "But, hones', it seems like six years. Better bring out a new bottle; th' ol' one's all gone."

"Jus' a minute," Matt said. "I gotta get one outa the back room."

With a loud wink for the line-up at the bar, Matt retired to the gin closet. There was a suppressed chuckling down the row. This was going to be good.

Sure enough, the radio switched to short wave, and through the clatter of static came the heart-stopping calls.

First the clang, clang, clang. Then the serious and carefully enunciated words of the police announcer. The bar paused soundless to listen.

"Calling car 43, calling car 43. A street fight at Robey and Belmont—a street fight at Robey and Belmont. . . . Calling car 52. A holdup at Chestnut and Clark. Calling car 52. A holdup at Chestnut and Clark. . . . Calling car 35, calling car 35. A shooting at 465 North Rokeby Street, second floor. Calling car 35. A shooting—"

"Jeez, ain't that your address?" broke in one of the bar-flies.

But Bob had already dashed for the door, leaving the others in gales of laughter.

"He forgot his suitcase," laughed a bewhiskered old bachelor, wiping the foam from his mustache.

"Maybe he won't need it," roared Matt, emerging from the gin closet.

"You're a wonder, Matt," offered a young man, salting his beer. "Jeez, you were perfect."

"Watch him come back," exulted Matt. "Will he be sore!"

BOB came back just as Matt was preparing to close for the night. He wasn't sore at all. Instead he insisted upon shaking Matt's pudgy hand.

"How'm I ever gonna thank you, Matt?" he said warmly. "God, if it hadn't 'a' been for your radio! On'y they had it wrong—"

"Had what wrong? Whad ya talkin' about? Gee, kid, you need another slug; you're white as a sheet—"

"Why, they said a shootin'," explained Bob. "An' was I scairt! But she ain't got a gun. She was doin' the Dutch act with gas. The crazy kid thought I meant it about leavin' her. I got there jus' in time to bust the windows an' drag her out. I got her in the hospital now an' the doc says she'll be O. K. by mornin'. Jeez, I'm still shakin'! Better give me a drink."

"Well, the Lord have mercy," breathed Matt piously. He reached for the bottle and poured two stiff ones. "That," said Matt, "calls for one on the house."

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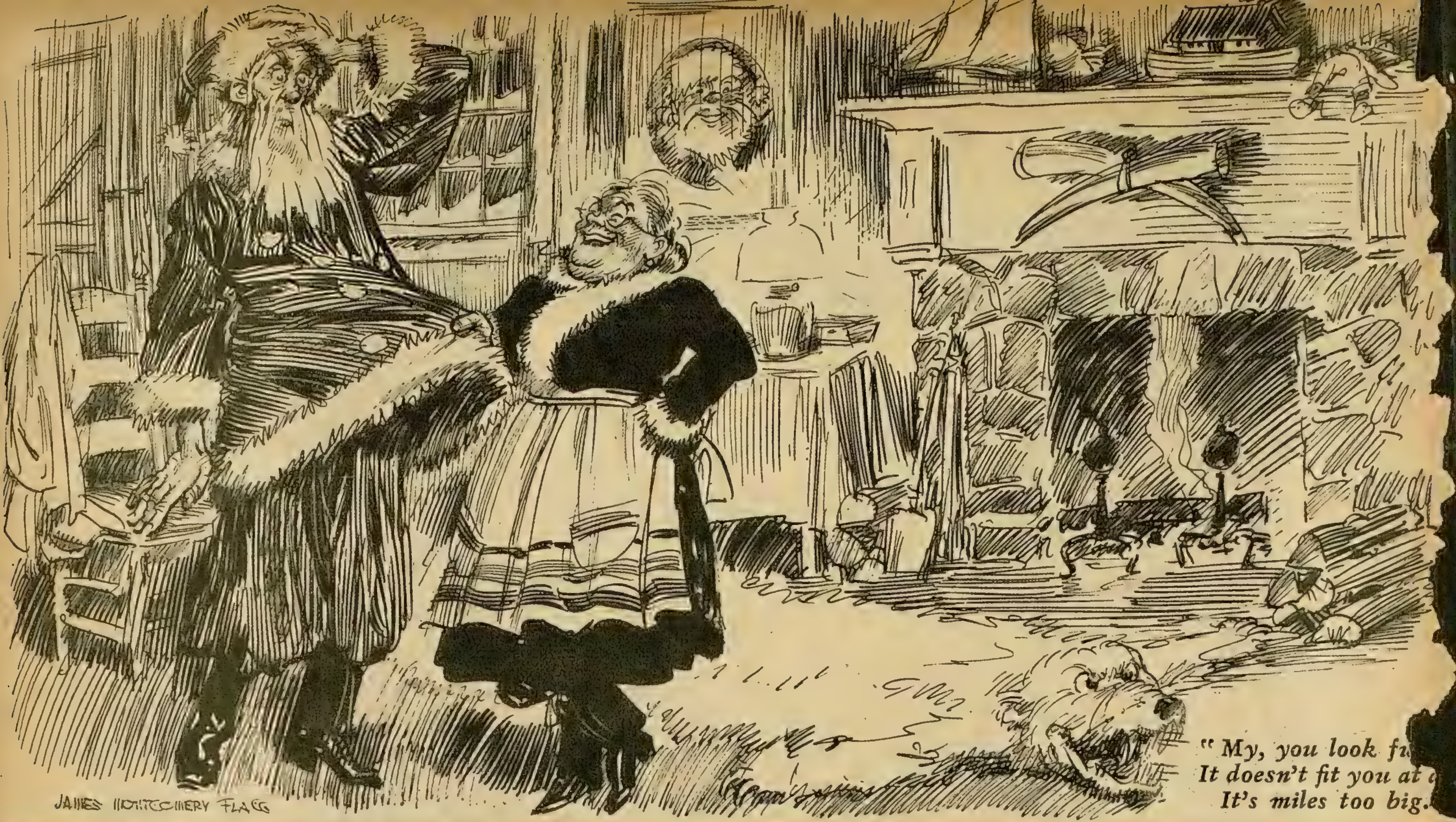


"My, you look fu
It doesn't fit you at
It's miles too big.

(Reading time: 13 minutes 58 seconds.)

SCENE: Home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Claus, the frozen North. It is December 24, and Mrs. Claus is having a wifely fit of righteous indignation.

Mrs. Santa Claus

Come on, get up! Do you know what day this is?

Santa Claus

Don't remind me!

Mrs. Santa Claus

Can't you do anything but sleep?

Santa Claus

I can do anything *but* sleep, thanks to you. If I had my way I'd go to sleep for five hundred years. Am I discouraged!

Mrs. Santa Claus

Shame on you! Think of the psychological effect on the world if it became known that even Santa Claus is discouraged.

Santa Claus

They might as well know it today as tomorrow.

Mrs. Santa Claus

Well, you've got to get up and go through the motions, anyway. It's expected of you. Think of your public.

Santa Claus

And what does my public do for me? Search your mind, as Al Smith would say, and try to think of just one constructive thing the public has ever done for Santa Claus.

Mrs. Santa Claus

There you go again. You know perfectly well you are the most popular man in the world.

Santa Claus

It's easy enough to be popular if all you do is go around and give things to people. Just see what would happen if I started asking for something.

Mrs. Santa Claus

Why, Nicky, you wouldn't think of doing such a thing! What would people say?

Santa Claus

A lot I care about what people say. What are they saying now? I'll tell you what they're saying. They're saying I'm a big sap—climbing around roof tops getting my whiskers tangled up in radio aërials. And when I do finally find my way into a chimney, where do I wind up? In an oil burner! And whose fault is it? Yours!

Mrs. Santa Claus

Mine? Why, Nicky!

Santa Claus

Yes, yours. Every year it's the same old story. Wheedling and coaxing and bullying me into going out on this silly trip. Why, I should have stopped doing it a hundred years ago, but once a woman gets an idea into her head she can't change. The whole world can change but *she* won't.

Mrs. Santa Claus

There you go blaming me again. I suppose I invented radio and oil burners.

Santa Claus

And now, instead of letting me just lie here and go to sleep and forget it all, I gotta get up and put on those silly red pants and crêpe whiskers and go bouncing around the roof tops of the world. And with what? An empty sled!

Mrs. Santa Claus

Who's going to know that?

Santa Claus

WHY, you darn' fool, everybody's going to know it. Do you think I can go all around the world handing out nothing and not get found out? I'm not a politician; I'm Santa Claus.

Mrs. Santa Claus

They'll know it's been a hard year.

Santa Claus

They'll know just as much about it if I stay right here.

Mrs. Santa Claus

Come on, you're not going to talk me out of it. Here's your suit.

Santa Claus

All right, I'll put it on to please you. I never liked it anyway.

Mrs. Santa Claus
(laughing)

My, you look funny. It doesn't fit you at all. Why, it's miles too big. I'll have to take that waist in at least eight inches.

Santa Claus
(proudly)

Eight inches! A foot, anyway. I look like Clark Gable.

Mrs. Santa Claus

If you did we wouldn't be up here, starving to death. I know I'd just love Hollywood. Why don't you stop off

Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus

Poor St. Nick Has a Tear in His Eye. If You Don't Get a Present, Here's the Reason Why!

By

J. P. McEVOY

Cartoon by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

there for a few days and get a screen test? Everybody else does.

SANTA CLAUS

I never thought of that.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

You never think of anything that would get us out of this rut. Did you ever sit down and realize how long you've been doing the same thing, year in, year out?

SANTA CLAUS

Well, what else is there to do up here?

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

You had a chance to go in the movies a couple of years ago when they were up here making that Nanook picture, but what did you do? Sleep all the time and let that big Eskimo get away with a million dollars' worth of publicity.

SANTA CLAUS

Say, what are you talking about? What good is publicity? Look at Nanook. Still eating blubber. Look at me—with all my publicity—falling out of my clothes, down to one reindeer! Don't talk to me about publicity! Ask Jimmy Walker.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

Just the same, I should think you could get into the movies or on the radio. Even fifteen minutes a week. That wouldn't wear you out.

SANTA CLAUS

What would I talk about?

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

What do any of them talk about? You've heard 'em.

SANTA CLAUS

I MIGHT get a chance to tell them the truth about conditions up here. Boy, wouldn't I like to do that just once! I can just hear myself. "Hello, my great unseen audience. This is Santa Claus talking from the frozen North. You'll have to admit I haven't done much complaining, but that's all over now. Things have got to be different, folks. You've got to treat your old Santa Claus right."

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

Now what advertiser is going to pay you to get on the air and cry about yourself?

SANTA CLAUS

That's not crying. I just think the public ought to know what I'm up against. Their idea of Santa Claus is a jolly fat man with red cheeks and white whiskers. Listen:

"His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! [I resent that.]
He had a broad face [that's me] and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly."

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

Well, that's the way you were when I married you.

SANTA CLAUS

Yes, and look at me now!

MRS. SANTA CLAUS
(crying)

There you go again. It's my fault, I suppose. Everything's my fault.

SANTA CLAUS
(soothing her)

THERE, there, don't cry, Mary. It's nobody's fault. The world is changing, that's all. I suppose if anybody's really to blame it's the Wright brothers.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

I'm glad you've found somebody else to pick on. Who are they?

SANTA CLAUS

They invented the flying machine. If it wasn't for them we wouldn't have these flying families dropping in on us all the time. That last mob—what were they called?

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

The Flying Ginsbergs.

SANTA CLAUS

Yeah, that's them. Not satisfied with landing on top of the house and wrecking it, we had to kill one of our last reindeer to feed 'em, and then they kicked up a big fight about eating it.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

What was that fight all about? I couldn't make head or tail of it.

SANTA CLAUS

They weren't sure if reindeer was kosher.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

Kosher or not, they ate it.

SANTA CLAUS

You're telling me!

MRS. SANTA CLAUS

That's six reindeer this year. Those Swedish flyers ate two, raw.

SANTA CLAUS

I'm not complaining, but it's obvious that this sort of thing can't go on. These flyers have either got to stop breaking down in our back yard or else they've got to carry their own reindeer.

Mrs. Santa Claus

What are you going to do about it? If you don't keep still you'll get a pin in you. I don't know what I'm going to do to make this coat fit.

Santa Claus

I'm about due for a new suit anyway.

Mrs. Santa Claus

And what about me? The last dress you bought me—

Santa Claus

You don't need any clothes. You don't go anywhere.

Mrs. Santa Claus

That's probably the reason you keep me up here—so you won't have to buy me any clothes.

Santa Claus

With what?

Mrs. Santa Claus

What do other men do? They buy clothes for their wives. They open accounts.

Santa Claus

It takes two to open an account. If you can find anybody who'll open an account with a man who works only one day a year—

Mrs. Santa Claus

That's just it. Nobody in the world with so much time on his hands as you have—and what do you do with it? Nothing! You won't even study.

Santa Claus

Study what?

Mrs. Santa Claus

Oh, there's lots of things. Gardening, plumbing—

Santa Claus

Plumbing—that would be good up here! Why, the pipes would freeze all year round.

Mrs. Santa Claus

How do you know? We've never had any.

Santa Claus

Gardening would be good, too! Ho! Ho!

Mrs. Santa Claus

That's right—laugh—whenever I try to think of something that will better our condition! If the world only knew the kind of a man Santa Claus really is! If people only knew what I have to put up with!

Santa Claus

Go ahead! Sniffle! Feel sorry for yourself! Who do you think cares about your troubles and mine?

Mrs. Santa Claus

Well, you can get a pretty good idea of what people really think about you. Have to break into their houses, practically, in order to get in at all. And they never invite you to dinner or bridge—or me either. Do you realize I've never met any of your friends?

Santa Claus

Friends you call 'em! Friends! That's good!

Mrs. Santa Claus

And did you ever hear of any of those friends of yours raising their children to be Santa Claus? That's how much they think of you and your career.

Santa Claus

Anyone who wants to raise a child to take this job is welcome. After this year there won't be any job, anyway.

Mrs. Santa Claus

Well, here's your suit. I've pinned it on to your underwear so it won't fall off. And here's your whiskers.

Santa Claus

There's a cricket in 'em—look!

Mrs. Santa Claus

If you were half as clever as people think you are, you could pull a rabbit out of your whiskers.

Santa Claus

I haven't strength to pull whiskers out of a rabbit.

Mrs. Santa Claus

(tying his whiskers around his neck to keep him warm) Hurry now and hitch up your reindeer. It'll be dark.

Santa Claus

Are you ever going to talk sense? You know perfectly well it's been dark for six months.

Mrs. Santa Claus

You know what I mean—and don't stay out too late.

Santa Claus

Good grief! I'm out only one night a year and I have to go all over the world.

Mrs. Santa Claus

That's your story. Last year you told me what kept you out so late was going all over Russia, and then I read in the Times they don't have any Christmas in Russia.

Santa Claus

All right—all right! If you'd rather believe the New York Times than Santa Claus! Anyway, you can't expect me to make much time this year with only one reindeer.

Mrs. Santa Claus

But you're not taking anything.

Santa Claus

Then why am I going?

Mrs. Santa Claus

Because it's expected of you.

Santa Claus

You've said that before. It doesn't mean anything. *(Suddenly)* Look! There's a plane! It's going to land.

Mrs. Santa Claus

Right on our last reindeer! Quick—save him!

(Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus rush out just in time to drag reindeer Blitzen out of the way. Plane lands. Door opens and out tumbles family, followed by servants with baggage.)

Distinguished Stranger

(holding hat in front of face by sheer habit)

We're safe here! *(Sees Santa Claus and wilts.)* My God! A detective with false whiskers!

Santa Claus

Believe it or not, I'm Santa Claus. Who are you?

Stranger

Thank God—and a Merry Christmas to you. We are the Flying Insulls!

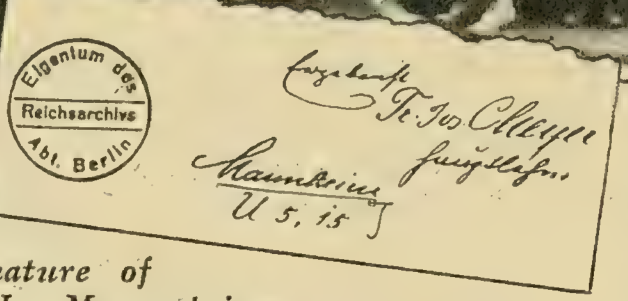
(Three more planes land, full of deputies armed with extradition papers and news-reel photographers who catch and barbecue Santa Claus' last reindeer. So, little children, if you don't get anything for Christmas you know the reason why.)

THE END

Germany's *Official* *Reply* *to* Sgt. Halyburton

(Reading time: 10 minutes 50 seconds.)

Halyburton and his comrades, newly captured. A photograph from the Imperial Archives.



Eigentum des Reichsarchivs Abt. Berlin

Ergebenst Fr. Jos. Meyer Hauptmann

Mannheim U 5, 15

Signature of Fr. Jos. Meyer, prison camp commander at Rastatt, with stamp of the Imperial Archives.

By

Lt. Col. Alfons Fonck

Ministry of Defense, Berlin

Editor's Note: When the Great War ended, Germany faced the task of studying and classifying mountains of reports and opinions. Under the Treaty of Versailles she had been deprived of her Great General Staff, and so the *Reichsarchivs* (Imperial Archives) was organized. While its bulkiest task was to compile regimental and divisional histories, its most important studies were concentrated upon the two main topics: Guilt *for* the War *(die Schuld* am *Krieg)* and Guilt *in* the War *(die Schuld* im *Krieg).* In the course of the latter investigation the unvarnished truth was sought regarding stories of German atrocities as reported in the Allied press; in addition, complaints of prisoners of war were sifted. This special department was intrusted to Lieutenant Colonel Alfons Fonck, an experienced staff officer, who had received an honorary degree from the University of Würzburg in reward for his outstanding work in law.

Thus it was Lieutenant Colonel Dr. *honoris causa* Fonck to whose attention were brought the issues of Liberty containing installments of Sergeant Halyburton's story, Shoot and Be Damned! After a careful examination of all the material at his disposal, Dr. Fonck, properly authorized by the Chief of the Imperial Archives, compiled the gist of his findings in the following official German reply. The italicized words are underscored in the German original.

SERGEANT HALYBURTON and nine of his comrades of Company F, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., were taken prisoners as the first Americans during a reconnoitering operation conducted by the Seventh Bavarian Territorials near Réchicourt-la-Petite, north-northeast of Lunéville, on November 3, 1917. Three of them had been wounded in an engagement. *Private Hoyt Decker* had sustained a severe injury to his eye—the left orb, according to Halyburton's report, dangling down over his cheek. Thus opens the description of atrocities committed by the Germans against Americans. A German noncommissioned officer supposedly took hold of Decker's suspended orb, asking him laughingly what that thing might be, then pulled it off and threw it on the floor.

With the German troops fighting in the most advanced positions, it was a matter of course that whenever there were casualties first-aid men would immediately take charge. The Decker case was surely no exception, but it was obviously ignored by Ralph Goll, Halyburton's collaborator, and described as if it were an act of brutal barbarism on the part of a German noncom.

2. Questions which the German Intelligence officer supposedly directed at *Halyburton* in the course of the interrogation, for example in reference to the caliber of American rifles, are sheer nonsense. It has been ascertained that *Halyburton* was questioned regarding his military services and about the organization of American combative units. He answered unwillingly and withheld much, although he apparently did not state anything that was incorrect.

Whatever information he offered was certainly not elicited after application of the German form of a " third degree," as Ralph Goll tries to insinuate. Forcible measures of varying severity, for the purpose of extorting statements from prisoners, have never been known to be applied in any unit of the entire German army. Ralph Goll obviously is indebted for this description to the methods employed by the American police.

3. The one-time commander of Camp Tuchel in West Prussia (now situated in the Polish Corridor), Major General von Kalckreuth (not von Kronkeit, as the name was distorted by *Halyburton*), has passed away. Therefore he can no longer be cited as a witness to the accusations made by *Halyburton* regarding conditions allegedly

Is there a BABY? in your home ◆

Baby's health, welfare and happiness are mother's greatest responsibilities. Nothing is quite so important as the well-being of that little stranger in the home. Yet how little the young mother actually knows about the baby's wants and needs.

Your baby's whole future may well depend upon its care during infancy. There is so much you must know and so few to whom you can turn for dependable information and help. To fill this need there has been established

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edited by

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Here at last is a magazine you can use—a monthly visitor bringing you help, advice and counsel to aid you with all baby problems. Foremost authorities are at your command. Experts on every phase of baby's life from clothes to health—offer their services. And the price (only $1.50 a year) is so small that it is negligible.

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Enter my subscription for 1 year of the new magazine Babies—Just Babies edited by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. I enclose $1.50.

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LOVE HINTS

Muriel M: No — I wouldn't have anything to do with a man who coughs. That shows he's stingy. If he spent 5c on a box of Smith Brothers Cough Drops (the Black or the Menthol) he could get rid of that cough in no time.

—D.B.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

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because Camp Tuchel was under his jurisdiction for years.

However, there are still other witnesses who knew Camp Tuchel from personal experience. Their testimony is still more important, as these witnesses were delegates of neutral powers. At the request of their respective governments or charitable organizations, they made a study of conditions, first having listened, in strict confidence, to the complaints and wishes of prisoners of war.

Their findings were not as described by Goll, according to whom American and Russian prisoners of war in German captivity were left to waste away from hunger and under dreadful sufferings in some remote corner of Germany's East, incommunicado with the rest of the world—these terrible conditions to be revealed only now, after fourteen years, thanks to Sergeant *Halyburton* and Liberty.

On the contrary, prisoners of war at Tuchel were frequently offered an opportunity to submit their wishes and complaints to neutral delegates. The latter, in turn, brought these to the attention of their respective governments. Between April 18, 1917, and August 13, 1918—that is, sixteen months—Camp Tuchel and the hospital there were inspected once by Swedish, four times by Danish, four times by Spanish, twice by American, once by Lithuanian, and twice by Russian delegates. Some of these delegates visited Tuchel repeatedly. If conditions actually had prevailed there as described in word and picture in Liberty, this state of affairs certainly would have come to the attention of the American government and it would have demanded immediate improvement.

NOTHING of the kind happened. No sooner had the first American soldiers arrived in Tuchel than the Prussian Ministry of War granted permission to an American to visit his countrymen, despite the fact that Germany and the United States were in a state of war. Mr. Guido Enderis, then representing the Associated Press in Berlin, arrived in Tuchel on July 2, 1918, and conversed at length with the Americans who complained of receiving insufficient food. The Americans were informed that this was the result of measures taken by their own compatriots and the English allied with them.

Otherwise Mr. Enderis found the American prisoners well and in good spirits, emphasizing the good treatment accorded them.

On April 15, 1918, Camp Tuchel was inspected by Major R. Sarda, delegated by the Spanish embassy, then in charge of American interests. The Americans complained about being quartered in dugouts, that they had been deprived of their leather boots, that the food was insufficient, and that gift packages had been pilfered. They asked for shoes, footballs, boxing gloves, smoking tobacco and pipes.

On July 6, 1918, the Spanish Major Sarda revisited Tuchel. He was given a sketch of a dugout such as American prisoners were quartered in, for the purpose of forwarding the drawing to the American government.

The delegate became convinced, after the camp authorities had furnished him with the necessary information, that the dugouts in Tuchel, in view of the severe cold prevailing in that neighborhood and the great lack of fuel (coal), were much easier to heat in winter and cooler and more comfortable in summer than isolated barracks. Major Sarda, in his report, adjudged these underground quarters as acceptable. It was also explained to him why it had been necessary to deprive the eighteen American soldiers of their leather boots. This had been done by order of the War Ministry because, on account of the blockade established by the Allies, leather had become so rare in Germany that leather boots had to be replaced by wooden shoes as much as possible. Had the prisoners permanently worn their leather boots during their work, and used them up in short order, it would have been impossible to replace them. Therefore their leather boots were taken from them to be stored away in their own interest.

REGARDING the loss of gift packages, which Major Sarda on the basis of American complaints also brought up for discussion, the camp administration could not ascertain anything definite. However, it seemed likely that, in view of the lack of food prevailing in Germany, such losses, although against all law and order, naturally might occur. Besides, it was very difficult to learn whether the gift packages had not been pilfered before they ever reached German soil.

Otherwise, especially the Americans expressed to Major Sarda their satisfaction in reference to lodging and treatment. If they complained that on the way to Tuchel and during the early part of their time there they suffered from hunger, it must be reiterated that, because of the blockade maintained by the Allied and associated powers, Germany wasn't even able to feed her own women, children, and old men sufficiently, as illustrated by the fact that not less than 800,000 people died in Germany from undernourishment.

On the other hand, the German U-boat war, organized to break the hunger blockade, resulted in the loss of 30,000 lives only.

On July 19, 1918, the Americans in Tuchel were visited by Mr. Conrad Hoffman, accompanied by Major Bachelin of the Prussian Ministry of War. No complaints were filed and the treatment in general was recorded as excellent.

In his book, In the Prison Camps of Germany, Mr. Hoffman in Chapter XXVII writes:

"The writer feels justified and

qualified, on the basis of his four years' experience during which some ninety camps were visited one or more times, to state that the treatment of the prisoners of war in Germany was as good as could be expected under the prevalent conditions. . . .

" One should not forget that, even after America's entry into the war, the author, an American, was permitted to remain and to continue an extensive relief work on behalf of the enemy prisoners in Germany. One wonders whether a German would have been permitted in any of the Allied countries to move about as freely and to serve as extensively the German prisoners of war as the writer was permitted to do in his service of Allied prisoners in Germany. . . ."

IN August, 1918, the American prisoners were transferred to Camp Rastatt, where school principal *Fr. Jos. Meyer* was stationed as camp commander. He reports as follows:

" Relations between American prisoners of war on the one hand, and the camp guards and the office of the camp commander on the other, were the best imaginable. The prisoners were treated with exceptional consideration and enjoyed, within the camp, freedom in fullest measure. Prior to their repatriation, the American major who had arrived to take command of the discharged prisoners repeatedly expressed to me his gratitude for the excellent treatment which the prisoners had received during their entire incarceration. The two American sergeants, Edgar M. Halyburton of Stony Point, North Carolina, and Geoghegan, place of residence unknown, time and again stated their appreciation to me for the good treatment accorded them during their imprisonment. Upon their departure, cheers rang out from the entire American detachment; until the train disappeared from view, the repatriated prisoners waved to us. The neutral commission, inspecting the camp frequently, was surprised over the relations, approaching almost comradeship, prevailing between the prisoners, their guards, and the office of the commanding officer.

" The two American sergeants Halyburton and Geoghegan (the latter acting as interpreter, since he knew German) repeatedly visited me at my office in order to present their wishes, which were always gladly complied with to the greatest possible extent.

" When, after the revolution, in my capacity as aid-de-camp and acting commander, I permitted prisoners of war to move about the town freely for a few hours daily, both aforementioned American sergeants came to me, stating verbatim:

" ' You have granted us prisoners permission to move about the town freely for a few hours daily. We thank you for this proof of your great confidence. However, we earnestly request that you withdraw this permission, because some of our men are not deserving of such trust. Several overstayed their furlough and others returned to camp intoxicated. We have discovered, by now, that the Germans are utterly different from what they were pictured to us.

" ' We shall always remember Rastatt gratefully, taking along to our homeland the best impressions of Germany. And we hope that our conduct was such as to leave a favorable opinion with the Germans. We do not want our good record spoiled by the undeserving ones in our midst.' "

Camp Rastatt was frequently inspected by American representatives of the Y. M. C. A. These delegates lived in the camp for several weeks, an officers' barrack having been assigned to them. They were located adjacent to Block 11, enabling them to keep permanently in touch with their compatriots. In this way the latters' wishes would be relayed to the commanding officer.

If there ever had been a single case of maltreatment of an American prisoner, these delegates of the Y. M. C. A. or the two American sergeants would *certainly* have made a report to the office of the C. O. However, such a complaint was *never* filed.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 23

1—There are three: one in the Indian Ocean, one in the Pacific, and one near Cape Breton, Canada.
2—Tennyson, in the Princess.
3—Christmas bells.
4—About one mile, which under rabbinical law Jews might travel on the Sabbath.
5—The hide of a young or small beast, as a calf, or leather made from it.
6—Tennyson.
7—Edward Gibbon, Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
8—Twice as large.
9—Venice.
10—St. Andrew.
11—A tool for trimming and puncturing roofing slate.
12—Tillage cultivation.
13—Chiefly in the Lebanon Mountains of Syria.
14—William Henry Harrison, aged sixty-eight.
15—From Calicut, India, from whence it was first imported.
16—Matthew Vassar, who founded Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.
17—George Washington.
18—A chain of shoals between Ceylon and India.
19—Charles Sherwood Stratton.
20—Switzerland: Rhine, Rhone, Po (from the Ticino), and Danube (from the Inn).

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Long Thoughts

MOTHER was exasperated with Bobby's pranks and finally picked him up and set him firmly in a chair, saying:

" Now you sit there! And don't let me hear a word from you! "

After several minutes of silence Bobby said: " Well, you can't keep me from thinking, anyway! " — M. D. Buehl, 2305 Linden Ave., Middletown, Ohio.

A Business Eye

BOBBY had listened to a book salesman whose theme was " But, madam, you can't afford to be without these when they are only five dollars down."

Finally Bobby said in a very disgusted tone:

" Oh, yeah, mother knows the five-dollar-down plan, but what she wants to know is how many downs! "—Dorotha E. Kirk, West Baden, Ind.

Answer to Adex question on page 23 — *Vitamins A and D are the two factors in cod-liver oil which help to build good general resistance.*

Squibb
ADEX
Tablets
10 D

Avail yourself at last of the benefits of cod-liver oil this pleasant, new way!

In past winters when you've had a long siege of ills and a physician advised cod-liver oil to build you up, you may have failed to take it because of the taste.

This objection need no longer stand in your way. The benefits of cod-liver oil are now so easily obtained. With *Squibb Adex Tablets-10D!*

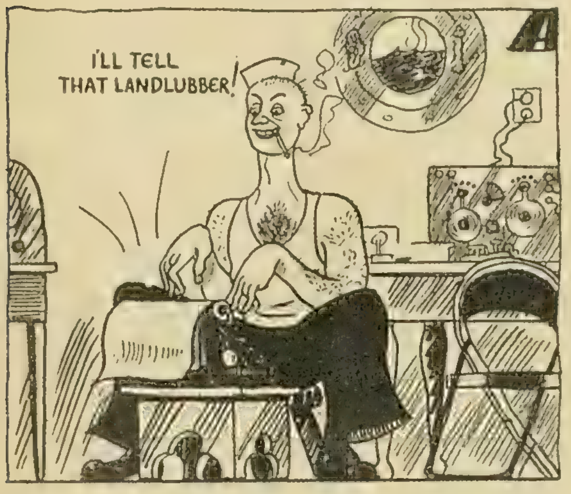
Each Adex tablet provides as much of the important *resistance-building* factor, Vitamin A, and as much sunshine Vitamin D as *one-half teaspoonful* of Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D.

Taken every day, Adex will do so much to increase your resistance, to help you escape winter ills! Now at any reliable drug store.

SQUIBB ADEX Tablets-10 D

A Hairy-Chested Gob Tells Us What's Wrong with the Picture

U. S. S. LANGLEY, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Liberty is a byword in the U. S. Navy. I can state, without fear of contradiction, that every issue of your super-scrapbook is thoroughly perused by all hands and the ship's cook, but where it goes from there is a matter of conjecture, altho the general manner of disposal of said issue is to give it the deep six at midnight.


I'LL TELL THAT LANDLUBBER!

Needless to say, the articles enjoyed most by all us hairy-chested gobs are Bright Sayings of Children and To the Ladies.

Then, of course, we study the maps of all the people who can't get their pictures printed in anything except Vox Pop. There should be more smiling faces among them, especially after reading Liberty.—*Edwin L. Snyder.*

An Apology to Mr. Elder and to Notre Dame

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME—Will you please correct Mr. Edwin B. Dooley for me? In his article published in Liberty for November 26 he refers to Jack Elder as " One-Play " Elder, and also as a " third-string halfback."

In 1929 Elder played the whole season as first-string left half, and was not known as " One-Play " Elder.

Evidently Mr. Dooley confuses Elder with Johnnie " One-Play " O'Brien, who was a third-string end in 1928, and whose remarkable catch of a pass against Army in that year resulted in a 12-6 victory for Notre Dame.

Aside from Mr. Dooley's one misstatement I thoroughly enjoyed his article on the great American sport.—*Irish.*

Can 2,500,000 Be Wrong?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Liberty used to publish a good story every other week, but have not had one for months.

If you expect people to pay five cents for nothing in times like these you are all wet. I'm quitting.—*Robert B. Frazier.*

Who Was It that Said the South Was Dry?

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—You are all wet in your editorial of November 12.

I certainly do not agree with your idea that liquor should be heavily taxed, for the reason that if it is taxed too much it will, especially in these times of depression and scarcity of money, not only *not* stop bootlegging, but there will not be enough of it sold to pay the cost of marketing.

F. H. Littrell

Good whisky hasn't the alcoholic content of bootleg whisky; people have become accustomed to drinking it and at first they will think the good whisky has been *cut* and they will have to consume more of it to get the same effect as they get from moonshine.

The majority of the people will pay but little if any more for the good whisky and if it is taxed too much they will keep right on drinking moonshine. The same thing will apply to beer.

Good moonshine corn or rye whisky can be purchased here for from $4.00 to $5.00 per gallon and as low as $3.00 per gallon in five-gallon quantities, and home brew can be made for a slight cost.

Unless legalized whisky and beer can be made and sold to the consumer for not to exceed $1.50 per quart for whisky and 20¢ per bottle for beer, we might just as well allow the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act stand as they are so far as stopping the illicit manufacture and sale of bootleg booze.

If you want to eliminate the bootlegger from the picture, make the price so low that it will not be profitable for him to operate. I will never agree to a change in the prohibition laws if it is going to mean a tax so heavy on liquor that people will not buy it.—*F. H. Littrell.*

And a Dry Suggests a Little Arsenic Cocktail

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Your upholding of the liquor traffic only goes to show that you are densely ignorant, either intentionally or otherwise, on this question. Any child of twelve years knows that it is a curse.

But of course there is no use arguing this subject with confirmed booze-hounds, and the sooner the stuff is mixed with a goodly portion of arsenic or strychnine the better it will be for decent, self-respecting people to enjoy life.

Otherwise Liberty is a great little magazine and strictly up-to-date.—*Harry K. Hambright.*

Here Is One Reader Who Approves of Our Prize Short-Story Awards

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—I look forward each week to the coming of Liberty, knowing that I shall not be disappointed in the timeliness, originality, and fascinating quality of its contents. In your November 19 issue, according to my notion, you have certainly struck high-water mark with your prize story, The American Way, by Aline Ballard. I have seldom read a tale which showed so keen an appreciation of the difference between the French and American character.—*J. Henry Smith.*

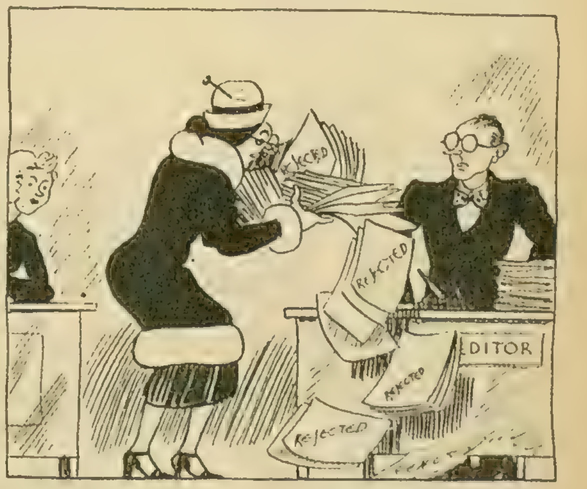
You'd Need a .75

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN. — Hurray, three cheers for Mr. Hugh Bradley. At last we got what we waited for. They Did It Wrong But—! in your issue of November 12. This was the article that the sport fans and Liberty readers have been waiting for. Keep up the good work and give us some more of the sort. Those Vox Poppers that are still kicking about not getting their nickel's worth, just hand 'em over to me—I've got an old shotgun.—*Sport Fan.*

Cheer Up, Mrs. Northwood—Your Luck May Change

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Well, well, well, here's Liberty, the magazine whose name is a misnomer, offering to buy serials from new writers. What's the big idea? Got too many of those cute little rejection slips in the office and want a place to stow them away? Well, I've a number in my house and if you find a place where they are really welcome I'll send mine along to you.

This clamoring for stories from new writers is a lot of bunk—and when I read the drivel printed between the covers of your magazine I wonder why you don't get some new writers.



Why don't you make good your promises in your plea for stories by unknown authors? Why don't you give a real good story a break and thus encourage budding young writers and spur them on to great heights in the literary world?—*Mrs. M. P. Northwood.*

POP
Adam John Barth
VOX POP EDITOR

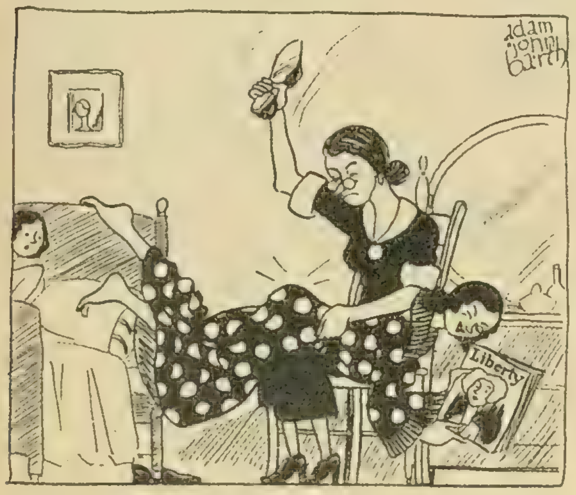
What Will Mother Do Now?

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your darned old magazine got me in trouble.

My twin sister and I are sixteen and we buy it to read the love stories. Mother makes us go to bed at 10:30 P. M.

Sister and I flipped a nickel to see who got it first. She won and at 10:15 started to read it and at 10:30 gave it to me.

Mother chased us to bed but I wanted to read so I went in a side room and when I finished it was 11:30 and I took off my slippers and tried to get to bed unnoticed. Mother heard me and I had to show her what I was reading and she demanded, "Didn't I send you to bed?"



Well, to make a long story short, she saw my slippers in my hand (which I took off to be quiet) and said, "Just what I need."

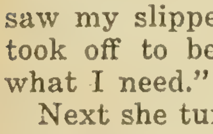
Next she turned me over her lap and used one of them (one was plenty). I soon decided I had better go to bed after many "ows and ouches" and "I won't do it again."

Boy, was I burning up! I'm still mad and *sore*. Darn your stories!—*Betty and Letty Burt.*

It Certainly Sounds Great

WILMINGTON, N. C.—I have read Frank Leon Smith's story in the November 12 issue of Liberty entitled Love Is Like That.

I consider this a wonderful story of an artist whose pen draws him into matrimony. It is very typical of Wilmington and Carolina Beach. Although the undersigned is a foreigner to North Carolina, having resided at Wilmington for the past two years however, I find that this vicinity has a wonderful climate, true Southern hospitality, and a fine harbor. Also one may find an unusual variety of sports, such as golfing, surf bathing, fishing, and hunting from the quail to deer, and the climate is shirt-sleeve weather the year round.—*H. E. Boyd.*


H. E. Boyd

We Didn't Know It Was That Dry in Texas

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—After reading the world's worst story, For Dear Old Whozis, in the November 19 issue, I am at a loss to know why the author did not give Mama full credit for her college vocation.

She was evidently on the track team, as she would have to go some 300 miles to the "woods" to smoke a cigarette and gather wild violets. As for drowning herself in the creek, it is only two miles to water anywhere in the Panhandle—straight down.

A half-inch rainfall is celebrated with more enjoyment than Christmas, as the latter occurs so much more often.

I lived out there ten years, and I know.—*Mrs. Paul Steed.*

Indiana "U" Is Looking for a Credit Bootlegger

BLOOMINGTON, IND.—The article The Campus Legger which appeared in the issue of Liberty of November 26 was actually disgraceful of a publication which claims to be "America's Best Read Weekly." The author of this bit of idiocy must surely have been well under the influence of some of the gin of the so-called "high-class legger." Mr. George S. Brooks, the author, should attend any coeducational institution in the country for one semester and then reread his article.

It is most certainly true that "whoopee juice," as it is sometimes called, is marketed and consumed in rather large quantities at universities, but it is just as true that none of it is sold on credit.

If this "high-class legger" should ever establish a chain concern, we would sure like to see him put one of his credit distributing branches here in Bloomington.

Mr. Brooks' statement concerning the amount consumed by coeds is as humorous as the rest of the article.

My dear Mr. Brooks, I can assure you, and I am speaking from experience, not hearsay, that the average coed at any university, and I myself have attended three of them, can hold her own, figuratively speaking, with you, me, or even the Campus Legger himself.—*R. B. Burke.*

On Owing Money

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I have read the article by Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., entitled The Art of Owing Money, in the issue of November 12, and found it to be most instructive and I am sure that the advice will be followed by many.

Here's hoping you will publish many more articles in the Liberty which touch upon everyday problems. — *Manya Confeld Fuldauer.*

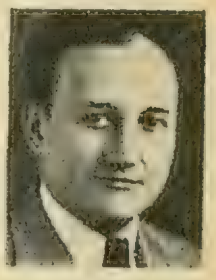
About the Single Tax

LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Liberty is surely stirring up the animals. Nor is that all. It feeds them something constructive. The earth itself has been filched from the people. Your recent editorials on Henry George seem to point to the secret of the disease. George's remedy taxing the unearned increment into the people's pocket would restore the use of the land to the people.—*S. B. Welcome.*

What a Tough Break!

LAFAYETTE, LA. — I should like to enter your "Whopper" contest, inviting exaggerated fabrications, as announced in November 5 issue of Liberty.

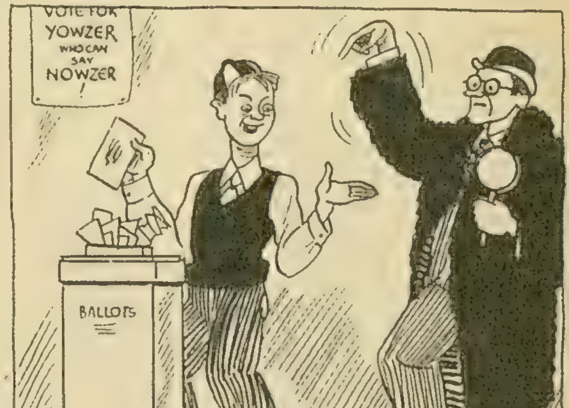
However, I am not qualified—you see, I neither fish nor play golf, fly an airplane nor hunt. I'm just out of luck.—*R. Bill Williamson.*


R. Bill Williamson

This Sounds Pretty Bad

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Benedict Giacalone, a college graduate, says in the November 19 issue that the young people in this country (and I presume he has in mind college people especially) are "burning to do something" about the "political conditions in our country, states, and cities."

As a college graduate, familiar with the politics of one university campus and acquainted with the politics of others, I wonder why these collegians do not clean up the conditions existing under their very nose. Any college student can tell you that campus politics are rotten, with their caucuses, stuffed ballot boxes, intimidated freshmen, stolen votes, bought votes, and their broken promises.

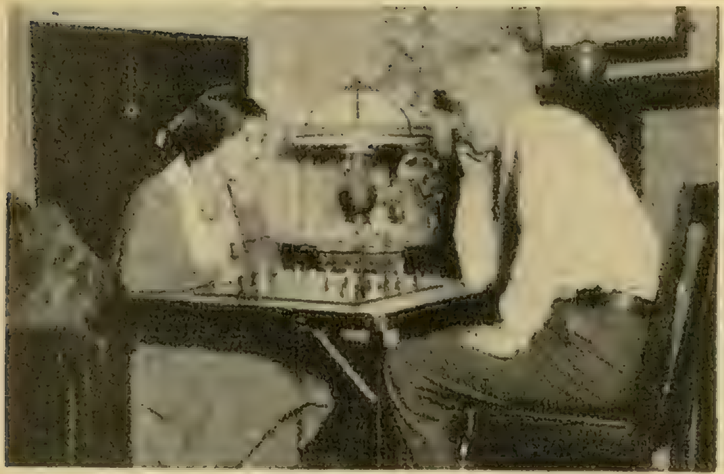

VOTE FOR YOWZER WHO CAN SAY NOWZER!
BALLOTS

Class offices, popularity contests, and other honors are secured by any means whatever, the winner usually being only a little more crooked than the loser. I believe the universities are good training grounds for the common brand of politicians.—*Maurice Ward.*

$5,000

IN CASH PRIZES FOR SNAPSHOTS *DEPICTING HOME-LIFE SCENES*

51 Cash Awards *To This Week's Winners*



(Left)
Evidently Dad has a real problem to solve.

(Right)
Fortunate indeed is the lad who owns his own railroad system.

(Below)
Radio engineering owes much to the home experimenter.

PROGRESS in judging the first week's entries in the Home-Life Snapshot Contest has reached the stage where we can definitely predict that names of the prize winners will be announced next week. In the meantime, be sure that you get an entry into this week's competition. There is still big money to be won!

Preparations for Christmas festivities may provide an unusually interesting snapshot subject for your camera this week. Perhaps there is a prize-worthy scene right in the room in which you are reading these words! By all means file your claim to some of the prize money this week. Imagine the thrill of seeing your name listed for First Prize and then receiving Liberty's check for $100. Your chance to win it is excellent. And there are fifty other substantial prizes, any one of which may be yours.

Further, when the final weekly contest closes, every entry received during the course of the ten weeks of this offer will be eligible for one of the five $200 Cash Grand Prizes. This gives you a chance to be a double winner. $300 for one snap of the shutter! Also it gives you an opportunity to win $200 in the Grand Awards even though you may not have won anything in any weekly competition. Don't neglect this invitation!

This week's contest closes Tuesday, December 27.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE EACH WEEK

FIRST PRIZE	**$100**
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	**100**
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	**200**
WEEKLY TOTAL	**$400**
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS	**$4,000**
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200	**$1,000**
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID	**$5,000**

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5 and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants in the
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose PhotoFinishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

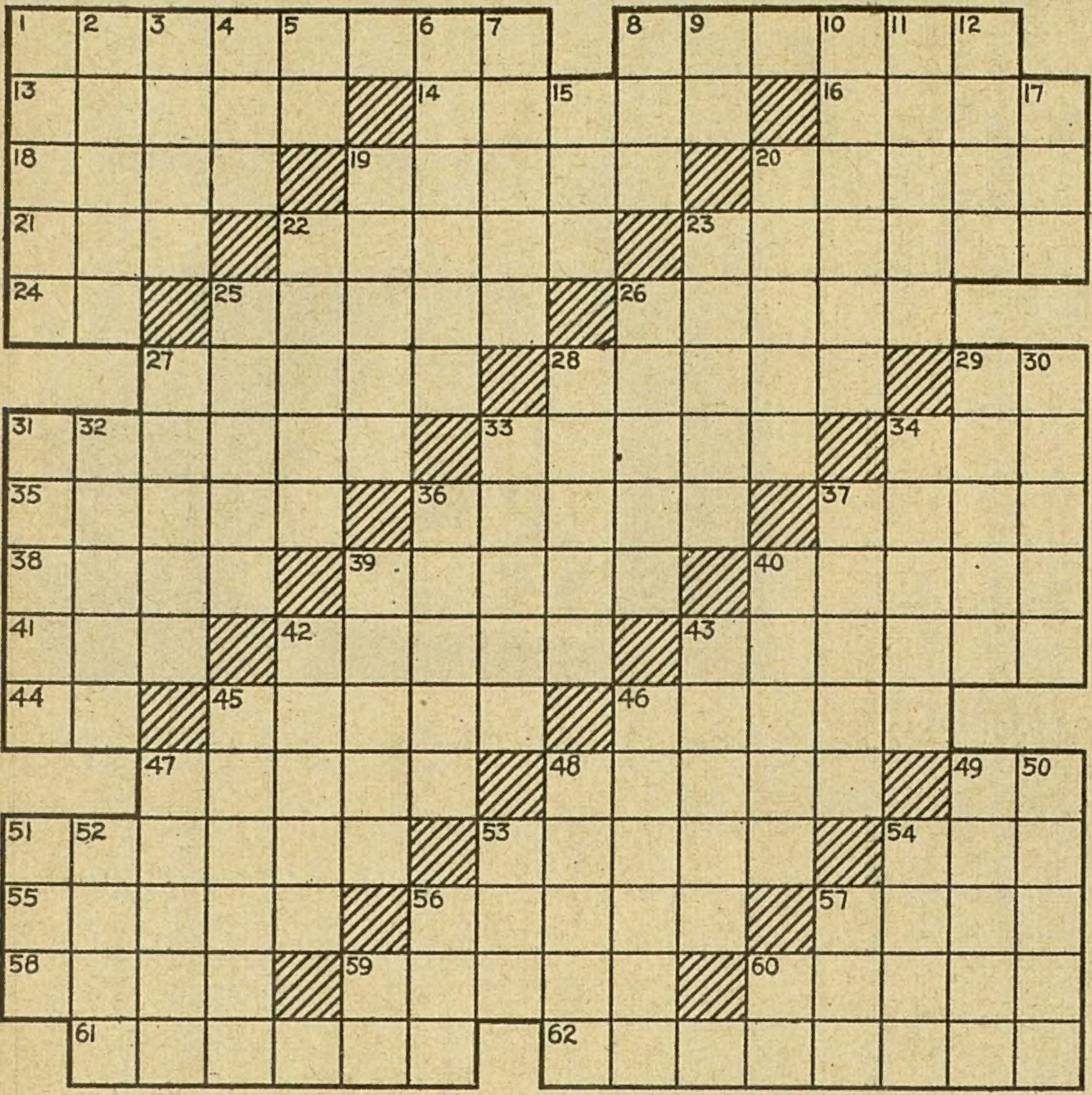
All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

DEVELOPING
MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada*

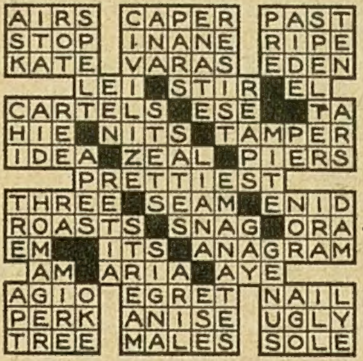
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 To reduce to the smallest part possible
8 Passageways
13 Worship
14 Occurrence
16 Periods
18 Talk with excessive passion
19 In respect to
20 A genus of grasses
21 A sunk fence (var.)
22 Screen for a window
23 Put in a particular position
24 That toward which there is movement
25 Level tracks of land
26 City in Michigan
27 Laziness
28 To slope
29 While
31 Deviate suddenly from type (biology)
33 Flat surface
34 Wing
35 Florentine iris
36 Stuffs
37 Point of land running into a body of water
38 Equal (obsolete)
39 Wood of small extent
40 Coated with icing
41 Corded fabric
42 Variety of rose
43 Noise of trumpets (plural)
44 In the year of the Master (initials)
45 Closes violently
46 Civil War general
47 To puff up
48 To hurl
49 A parent
51 Governor of Judea in the time of Christ
53 To hold one's ground
54 Form of to be
55 Amends and revises
56 A fay
57 Lampreys
58 A knot or swelling
59 Thin dress material
60 Declaim
61 Book of accounts
62 Wife of an autocratic ruler (plural)



AIRS CAPER PAST
STOP INANE RIPE
KATE VARAS EDEN
LEI■STIR■■EL
CARTELS■ESE■■TA
HIE■NITS■TAMPER
IDEA■ZEAL■PIERS
PRETTIEST
THREE■SEAM■ENID
ROASTS■SNAG■ORA
EM■■ITS■ANAGRAM
AM■ARIA■AYE
AGIO EGRET NAIL
PERK ANISE UGLY
TREE MALES SOLE

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A French Revolutionary leader
2 One of the United States
3 A new star
4 Anger
5 Personal pronoun
6 The summit
7 Makes level
8 Insect
9 A pronoun
10 Regions between Italy and the Euphrates
11 Upstanding
12 Mentally normal
15 Culminate
17 Cast down
19 Winged
20 To bring into line
22 Spots on reputation
23 Maps
25 To thrash
26 Blaze
27 Narrow strip of flexible material
28 One who labors as in bondage
29 Woman's name
30 Satisfies to repletion
31 Goddess of fate (Greek mythology)
32 Insisted upon
33 Goads to activity
34 Asunder
36 An omission of a duty commanded by law
37 Inelegant popular language
39 Part of a stove
40 Secreting organ
42 Utters raucously
43 Salty
45 Registered for political appointment
46 Shines dazzlingly
47 Strike out
48 A wading bird
49 Island in the Mediterranean
50 Equines
51 Inclosure
52 Image
53 A capuchin monkey
54 Reconcile to deprivation of something
56 In place of
57 Silkworm
59 Brother of Odin
60 Else

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Winds Like A Watch,

It's New

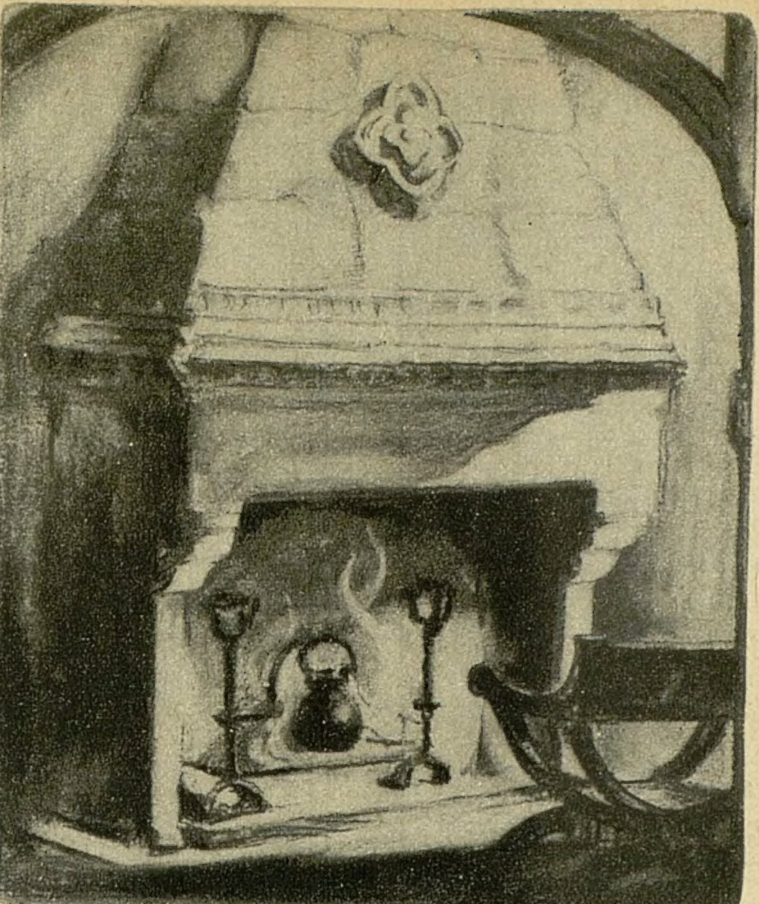
SOMETHING really new for Christmas giving. It costs little but serves much. The Conklin Nozac (no sack) fountain pen is filled by winding it as one winds a watch. It holds 35% more ink. A transparent ink section in the barrel reminds one when to refill it. The pens $5.00 and $10.00. Pencils to match $3.50 and $5.00. Sets, richly boxed, $8.50 and $15.00. In all up-to-date stores.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio
Chicago San Francisco

Other gift-special Conklins, left to right, a Conklin $2.75 pen, modish Conklins in many colors at $4.00 to $8.00, a Conklin pen and pencil in one $5.00 and $7.00. You can buy Conklin pencils at $1.00 and more.

Conklin
NOZAC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

To the Ladies!



By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 20 seconds.)

Elsa Maxwell

"OUT of twenty guests at any party," says Elsa Maxwell, "four or five are sure to be bores." Her solution of the bore problem seems to me to demonstrate the original philosophy that has made Miss Maxwell America's most celebrated party thrower.

"Never separate your bores," she surprised me by saying. "Put 'em all together. They always spot each other as bores, and every one of them will try, as a matter of pride, to be less boresome than the others. I never have known this trick to fail. Time and again I've seen my bore group turn out to be the life of the party."

Elsa Maxwell is *not* a professional party thrower. She's emphatic about that. In business she's a promoter—pushes new perfumes, popularizes vacation resorts, etc. (For one thing, she helped transform the French Riviera from a winter to an all-year pleasure place.)

"I spend my money on parties," she told me. "I hate possessions. In my opinion friends and fun are the only investments worth making."

This self-reliant lady lives in a big Paris studio on top of Montmartre, and does her New York promoting from the skies—from a suite on the forty-first floor of the Waldorf towers. To her parties come the richest, the snobbiest, the most artistic and politically important people in the world. She gave me some of her private rules for successful entertaining:

1. Never more than twelve guests at one table. 2. Don't invite people just because you "owe" them an invitation. Many rich people do this. Their parties are merely meetings of their social creditors. Deadly dull. 3. Remember that the very best parties can be inexpensive if they are original. 4. If you give "stunt" parties never use the same stunt twice.

Elsa Maxwell's stunt parties made her famous. Once she gave a party to which every guest came disguised as one of the other guests. To her "Scavenger" party everyone had to bring something hard to get—such as a railroad conductor's hat, a street peddler's license, etc. Another was her "Opposites" party. Everyone dressed as their own opposite. Elsa herself came as Hoover.

THEY go sailing round the world. As members of the crew and stewards department of the world-cruising liner Empress of Britain, they see all the wonders of East and West. Many of them sign on for the sake of the sight-seeing.

"And what place," a friend of mine asked them, "gives you the greatest satisfaction?" The answer was unanimous: "Hollywood. It's the greatest spectacle in the world today."

Shades of Helen and Cleopatra!

WE were guests at a dinner. Discussing the younger generation as usual. "They simply won't take advice," someone said. The man on my left then told me this: "My kid's nineteen. Last summer she started going around with a boy who had a lot of charm. One night she came to me and said, of this boy, 'Daddy, what do you think of him?'

"'Reminds me of your Uncle Joe at that age,' I answered casually.

"She gave me a queer little look, and ran off without another word. But I never saw that boy at the house again. She cut him out—completely."

The father explained.

"Uncle Joe is the bad egg of our family. Handsome, lovable, he ruined my sister's life. Perhaps we did her young man a grave injustice, but my kid saw how he resembled Uncle Joe as soon as I pointed it out.

"This younger generation may not take advice," he added, "but they certainly can take a hint."

I HAVE a theory about little girls and their dolls. Those who prefer great big handsome dolls are the kind of girls most likely eventually to make rich marriages, brilliant social careers, or in some other way to harvest their full share of worldly goods. On the other hand, little girls who prefer small dolls appear likely to be endowed with more imagination. Most of the women writers and artists I know liked their small dolls best.

A RED-LEATHER collaret and red-leather cuffs adorn the dark wool dress of this winter's smart Parisienne. Her leather collar, about three and one half inches wide, follows the neckline and has the outer edge fringed to a depth of an inch or so. It buttons in front with a gold button. The cuffs are treated likewise. Smart as can be!

WITH your pot roast try this potato-and-raisin dish from Finland. You'll find it excellent.

Mash 8 boiled potatoes, medium sized, add butter, milk, one beaten egg, salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg, and ½ cup scalded seedless raisins. Put in casserole, dot with butter, and brown in oven.

COMIC Relief—an excellent Christmas book. Samples of funniness by leading American humorists of today. (Houghton Mifflin.)

WRITERS *Attention!*

$10,000 *has been set aside for unknown authors*

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

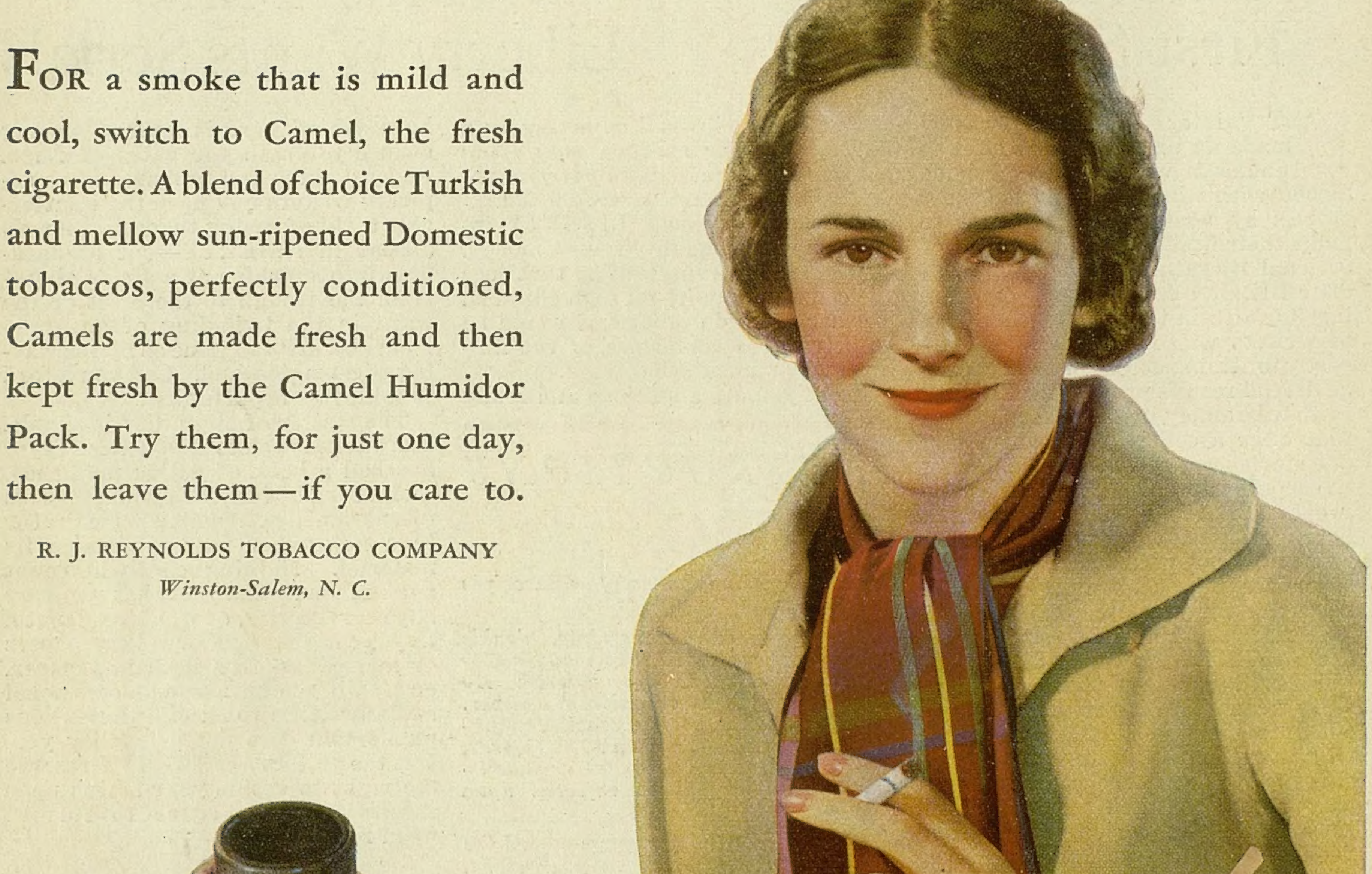
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

NEVER PARCHED
NEVER TOASTED

Camels are always mild

FOR a smoke that is mild and cool, switch to Camel, the fresh cigarette. A blend of choice Turkish and mellow sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, perfectly conditioned, Camels are made fresh and then kept fresh by the Camel Humidor Pack. Try them, for just one day, then leave them—if you care to.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.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CHOICE QUALITY
8
16
Smoke a FRESH cigarette
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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CAMELS
Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

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